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HOW TO MAKE THE CHINESE KEEP TREATIES.

THE telegram which formed the text of our article on China affairs last week, announced it to be the intention of the allies to winter in Peking. We pointed out the difficulties which opposed themselves to this scheme, and questioned the propriety of its adoption. The telegram received on Saturday, reports that the evacuation of Peking by the allied armies commenced on the 5th of November. As we anticipated, that evacuation formed the basis of negotiation. In order to get us out of Peking, the Chinese have signed anything. They did the same at Tien-tsin in 1858. The only objection to treaties signed under this system of compulsion is, that they are not considered binding by the Government from which they have been wrung. Unfortunately, we have no choice in China between treaties thus extorted and no international relations at all. Our duty is now to force the Government to keep it, just as we have forced them to make it. Chinese morality is as elastic as Indian-rubber, and will fly back if the tension is withdrawn. The sword of Damocles must be kept constantly suspended above the Imperial head, even when His Majesty is refreshing himself by "hunting according to law."

If we do not now indulge in quite so loud a crow of self-gratulation as some of our contemporaries, it is because we have never shared their anxieties or doubts, and do not now rush into the opposite extreme, and predict a halcyon period of intercourse with the Celestials. We have always believed that the same sagacity and firmness which carried Lord Elgin triumphantly through the negotiations of 1858, would carry him through those of 1860; and we as certainly predict that if he is thwarted again as he was thwarted then in the measures to be adopted for enforcing the maintenance of their obligations upon the Chinese, the treaty of Peking will be of as little value as the treaty of Tien-tsin. Had he been allowed to exchange the ratifications of that treaty himself, and keep a naval force watching the mouth of the Peiho, the disaster of the following year and the present war never would have occurred, and now his efforts will be valueless, if his policy is changed with his departure.

We have every reason to hope that both the Government at home, and the naval and military authorities with whom he is acting, have learnt wisdom. He has, at least, had the satisfaction of carrying out his original wish, of exchanging himself the ratification of his own treaty, for the treaty now concluded is, in fact, almost identical with that signed at Tien-tsin, and we have observed on this occasion that there has been every desire manifested both by the naval and military commanders-in-chief to aid and not to thwart his policy. For the energetic manner in which Sir Hope Grant supported diplomatic pressure by military tactics, he deserves the highest credit. When the operations of war and diplomacy are so intimately connected as they always must be in China, it is of the utmost importance that a good understanding should subsist between the chiefs of the two branches. To this we attribute the success of the present negotiations, to the absence of it the failure of those which were concluded by Lord Elgin during his previous mission. The difficulties which that nobleman had to encounter in 1858 were incomparably greater than those which he has overcome in 1860, and his courage in facing a second time the trials and responsibilities of a post he knew so well entitles him to a higher meed of praise than any exhibition of diplomatic skill. To risk a reputation hardly earned in other fields,

health already injured by the same climate, to incur perils incidental to a most hazardous enterprise in an enemy's country, and the hostile criticism of a large political section at home, who will not be satisfied with success, and would have triumphed in failure, demands an amount of patriotism not often found among the public men of the present day, which they will, therefore, probably be the last to appreciate. Did we meet with it oftener, we should not have thought it necessary to allude thus fully to the services rendered by Lord Elgin to his country.

Turning once more to the state of matters in China, as indicated by the last telegram, we think it probable that Lord Elgin has waived the point of the personal interview with the Emperor, who, we are informed, was to return to Peking after the evacuation had taken place. As he has carefully caused this question to be considered one of courtesy and not of right, we do not attach any importance to this concession. So long as our troops remained in possession of Peking, it was scarcely possible to expect the Emperor to return to his capital, as he would doubtless suppose that by doing so, he would incur the risk of being taken prisoner. It will be left for Mr. Bruce to overcome the scruples of the Chinese court upon this point, and we doubt not, that in process of time the formidable question of the "Kotow" will be satisfactorily settled. Meantime it was evidently the intention of Lord Elgin to establish his brother in Peking before leaving the capital, and we may presume that, for the present, a strong guard will be left with him there as a protection. The rest of the army will be withdrawn to Tien-tsin, which it will occupy during the winter. So long as it remains there, we have little doubt of the treaty being kept; but the question the public asks itself is, are we to occupy Tien-tsin for ever? If not, when we withdraw our troops, what guarantee have we that the treaty will still be kept? We maintain that we have it now in our power to create one.

If, when the army leaves Tien-tsin, it leaves behind it a railway in full operation between Peking and Taku, we shall have no fear of Mandarin treachery. The scheme sounds startling—all new ideas are; but let us begin with laying down a line over the thirty-six miles of flat steppe country between Taku and Tien-tsin, ostensibly for the benefit of our own troops, and we shall soon make the Chinese feel the advantages we have conferred upon them, and interest them in its maintenance. The whole grain-supply of Peking passes between these two points; it amounts to upwards of 100,000 tons annually, and between 4,000 and 5,000 river junks are employed in its transport. This is only one item which might be conveyed along the line; but when it is remembered that all those inland products of China which formerly passed along the Grand Canal now come by the way of Taku, some idea may be formed of the traffic which converges on Tien-tsin. That city, containing 500,000 inhabitants, would soon appreciate the advantages of safe and speedy transport to the coast, while an extension of the line to Peking would offer no engineering difficulties. Popular pressure, an important element in China, would overcome the opposition of the Mandarins, when the masses discovered the benefit of the invention. We should enlist the people on our side, as indeed they always have been to some extent, and wage a moral war upon the proud exclusiveness and dogged obstinacy of Chinese officials, more difficult to resist than King's Dragoon Guards and Armstrong guns.

When once the advantages of a railway have been appreciated by so



intelligent a people as the Chinese, the Government will not be able to prevent their construction in other parts of China, where the roads and canals are now crowded by a restless and teeming population engaged upon a gigantic system of internal traffic. It is possible that we shall find some difficulty in getting our indemnity paid on the spot. There are many ways by which we might coerce the Government into assisting us instead of paying hard cash, while we shall never have such another opportunity of constructing a railway in China as under the auspices of an army on the spot to insure official acquiescence. The country swarms with a ragged population who would be too happy to work in gangs of thousands at twenty *cash*, or rather less than a penny, a day each. Many of the internal provinces of China produce excellent coal, while we have already described the facilities afforded by the natural features of the country to a work of this description.

We would earnestly press these considerations, not only upon the public, but upon the Government. Politically as well as commercially we are convinced that the scheme would answer. Our Minister at Peking would no longer feel at the mercy of Chinese mandarins if he had a railway at his door. The merchants would no longer be dependent upon Chinese traders, but could enter the country, and make their own purchases of tea and silk in the provinces which produce them. We may safely assert that, in no country in the world would railways pay better than in China. In no country would their civilizing effects be more rapidly felt. They would bind treaties, ensure peace, and demolish for ever those barriers which neither war nor diplomacy have yet been able to break down.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THREATENED men live long—and so may threatened confederations. To understand how fervently Americans of every shade of political opinion are attached to theirs, let but an Englishman or a Frenchman presume to express his belief that the slavery question will cause a disruption of the Union; and it will be found that Democrats will join with Republicans and Republicans with Democrats, forgetful of their mutual recriminations and animosities, to fall upon the foolhardy stranger who has dared to utter the treason. The foreign critic in such a case finds himself in the position of the benevolent bystander, who interfered in a quarrel between a costermonger and his wife. Besides receiving a torrent of abuse from both parties, he will be fortunate if he escape being pummelled by the man, and scratched by the woman, for not minding his own business.

The fact is, that notwithstanding the bitterness of their quarrels, the North and the South know themselves to be absolutely necessary to each other. Every American statesman and man of note, from Maine to Texas, and from New Jersey to California, looks upon the Federal Union as essential to the prosperity and dignity of all the States. Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Cass, General Scott, General Houston, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Bell, Mr. Breckenridge, and scores of others equally noteworthy, however much they may differ on the slavery question, agree in their love of the Union, and in their determination to uphold it should the worst come to the worst, and muttered rebellion ever assume the proportions of overt and successful treason.

For these reasons American citizens and the world in general look to Mr. Buchanan's annual Message to Congress to discover, amid the mass of what he says, whether he means to do anything with the rebellious South. It is gratifying to find that, although he uses harsh and unjust language to the North, and rather pats the South patronizingly on the head than otherwise, he has determined not to interfere. Mr. Buchanan is right. Wisely to do nothing, to be masterly inactive, to watch and wait, to let the sulky child sulk in a corner until it thinks better of itself and of circumstances, to let it vent its petulance in angry declamation, or even in playing at soldiers, is the true policy to pursue with regard to South Carolina, or any other State that threatens secession; and would be equally the best policy of the existing President were he in his first instead of his last year of office.

Europeans, and Englishmen more particularly, are apt to imagine, in their own philanthropic dislike and horror of slavery, that the American abolitionists, who denounce it so lustily, are animated by the same feelings of humanity and religion with which men look on the matter in the Old World. But the case is not so. There are, doubtless, many men like the Hon. Charles Sumner, Mr. Wendell Phillips, and Mr. Lloyd Garrison, or like the late Theodore Parker and the unfortunate John Brown, who entertain British notions on the subject, and who consider slavery to be a moral, a social, and a religious wrong; which should be as unsparingly and vehemently denounced as murder, or robbery, or any crime forbidden in the Decalogue. But we think we do the Americans, as a nation, no injustice, when we assert that it is not so much the moral and social guilt of slavery which has embittered the antagonism of Democrats and Republicans, Slave States and Free States, as the purely political and party bearings of the question. An Englishman unaffectedly and sincerely believes

a negro to be "a man and a brother." With rare exceptions, the Americans do not practically so regard him; and less so perhaps in the North, where he is free, despised, and left to starve, than in the South, where he is enslaved, taken care of, and not unfrequently admitted to the affectionate intimacy of the family circle.

The two great parties who are continually struggling for place and power, and for all the loaves and fishes at the disposal of a very free and a very corrupt Government must have something to fight about. In constitutional countries there must be a battle cry; and as the enlightened citizens of a "model republic" cannot with any decency avow that pelf is their sole object, the most logical party sets up the philanthropic and moral make-believe of anti-slavery. We must remember however, that this make-believe becomes a living reality by the fact that in a country where all white men are nominally equal, the white slaveholder counts for more at the polling-booth than the white abolitionist, inasmuch as the white voters of the slave-holding States vote for a population in which five black men are reckoned equal to three white men, in the apportionment of representatives to Congress, but in which the black men do not vote at all. The political grievance, though not exactly on a par with what it would be in a close contest in an English county if the lord of many acres or the tenant farmer, in addition to his single vote as a freeholder or occupier, had a vote for every five bees, horses, or other cattle on his estate or his farm, resembles it to some extent, as making the Southern possessor of slaves a more valuable political unit than a Northern man without slaves. We can imagine what a clamour for reform a similar state of things would create in this country, and should therefore make allowances for the hostility of the Republicans against the long dominant Democrats, even when they take the high moral and religious ground of pure anti-slavery principle.

Mr. Buchanan, in his Message, does injustice to the North, when he declares that the existing agitation and alarm in the South, have been caused "by the long-continued and intemperate interference of the Northern people with the question of slavery in the Southern States." How Mr. Buchanan can make such an asseveration, almost surpasses belief. It certainly required a very considerable amount of political "brass" to utter it. If the Southern people would have kept their peculiar institution within their own boundaries—if they had not made "political capital" out of it, in order to monopolize the government of the Federation—if they had not extended it southwards into Texas—if they had not agitated the seizure or the purchase of Cuba for the same reasons—if they had not broken the Missouri compact, and extended slavery into the Far West—if they had not, by the Dred Scott decision in the Supreme Court, rendered every citizen of a non-slave-holding community, like Connecticut or Massachusetts, a participator in the guilt of slavery, by forcing his State, its government and officials, to aid in the capture and restoration of any runaway human chattel, the North would have taken very easily the existence of slavery in South Carolina or Louisiana, as easily perhaps, and with as little interference, as we in England.

But the slave-holders were aggressive. Three or four millions of Southern citizens claimed first equality with, and afterwards superiority to, eighteen or twenty millions of Western and Northern citizens,—not by virtue of their intelligence, or even of their wealth, but simply by right of what they euphuistically call their "domestic institution." If the South had not been the aggressor in the dispute, and had not sought to add new territories to the Union for the sake of extending slavery, the election of a Republican President like Mr. Lincoln would have excited neither exasperation nor alarm. The Southern people, and they only, are to blame for the apparent unpleasantness of their present position. Their own consciences make cowards of them; and Mr. Buchanan, if he spoke in any other capacity than that of the head of his party, would probably be ready to own it, and to take back the imputation which he has flung against the North. But, after all, the imputation will do no harm. Both parties know the real state of the case, and the victorious North will make gracious allowance for the asperity of the defeated South, until time shall have softened it into better humour.

The Constitution has not provided for the secession of any State from the Union; but if South Carolina, or any other rebellious sovereignty, should for that reason declare her independence, South Carolina and her compeers will find in due course that a law will be made to reach them. The ancient legislator of Sparta omitted to decree any punishment against parricide, because he did not consider such a crime to be possible. For a reason somewhat similar the framers of American independence may have omitted to provide for disruption. If South Carolina should commit the crime, let her be assured that her punishment will follow as assuredly as that of the Spartan parricide.

ABOLITION OF PASSPORTS IN FRANCE.

NEARLY four months ago (August 25), in discussing the question of the French Treaty, negotiated by Mr. Cobden, we took occasion to point out to that gentleman a means by which he might add very greatly to the growth of that good understanding between the British and the French people, which he had so much at heart, and

which he had done so much to encourage. We asked, as customs duties—protective or prohibitory—between the two countries had been found so prejudicial, not only to trade, but to social intercourse and natural amity, if impediments to free locomotion were not equally bad? We asked, as hostile custom-houses were a nuisance to the merchant—why a hostile *gendarmérie* stopping the inoffensive traveller, as if he were a thief or a fraudulent bankrupt, should not be considered a nuisance still more aggravating?

On that occasion we recommended the whole subject to the earnest attention of Mr. Cobden; and urged that if he could procure from the Emperor the boon of free locomotion in France for the inhabitants of the British Isles, he would add another stone to the pyramid of his fame, complete a great work of conciliation, and entitle himself, in a higher degree than before, to the respect and gratitude of every lover of peace, and every friend of the civilization of Europe. We rejoice to find that Mr. Cobden, acting upon the well-known predilections of the Emperor, has secured this boon to the British public, and through them to the Americans and the whole travelling world. The spirit of the age and the passport system are at variance. Passports were not invented in, but are an excrescence upon an era of railways and electric telegraphs, and are no more in accordance with civilized habits and customs than suits of chain-armour for the body, or portcullises for the dwelling-place. The day will doubtless come when people, finding such antiquated documents as Foreign-office or consular Passports among the old papers and letters of their fathers and grandfathers, will have them framed and glazed as curiosities, or sent to the Manuscript Room of the British Museum to be preserved as mementoes of the semi-barbarism of past ages.

Among the many wise things which the Emperor of the French has lately been doing, this will take the highest rank; and will assuredly be as beneficial to the French trading classes as agreeable to all the English who have been in the habit of travelling, as well as to those who have not hitherto travelled on the Continent, on account of the delays, obstructions, vexations, and nuisances of their "ticket of leave"—the Passport. Small as the matter may appear, it has long been a cause of estrangement between the French and the English; and, as has often been proved to the world's sorrow, estrangement may beget ill-feeling, and ill-feeling hostility. No one can calculate what wars might have been prevented between the two nations, if Englishmen, for the last hundred and fifty years had been as free to travel in France as in Cumberland or the Highlands. We thank the Emperor for the boon—and trust that it may be the precursor of a better and more cordial understanding between the nations than history has yet recorded.

DETERIORATION OF SEAMEN.

THE well-known shipowner of Liverpool, Mr. T. M. Mackay, has asserted, in a letter to the *Times*, that "our merchant sailors have been deteriorating for many years." Other gentlemen, of equal authority, both in the Royal Navy and merchant service, have made the same assertion; and few persons acquainted with the mercantile marine have any doubt of its accuracy. The great number of desertions which take place both from the merchant marine and the Royal Navy is proof that the assertion is well founded. For the nation the fact is extremely unfortunate. No mere organization can impart vigour to the Royal Navy, if the materials of which it is composed be sapless and rotten. Any other nation can organize. The French generally have the reputation of being superior to us in organization; and if, therefore, it be true that our seamen have deteriorated, and are deteriorating, and that the deterioration cannot be stopped, we may look forward to the cessation, at no distant day, of our naval supremacy and of the national security. The prospect is not pleasing.

The authorities say that the deterioration has been going on for many years, but that it has latterly become more than usually conspicuous. We shall endeavour to explain why. Subsequent to the repeal of the Corn and Navigation Laws, our trade and our shipping increased very rapidly. So did those of the United States and other countries. "In the four years 1853-1856 (we stated on Sept. 8th), the Americans built 488,000 tons of shipping annually, while the average quantity annually built in the four previous years, was only 280,000 tons." Our own shipping was also, in the same interval, rapidly but not quite equally augmented. The consequence was a great additional demand for seaman.

All other businesses were, at that time, equally flourishing. The gold-discoveries excited the whole world, and thousands of seamen deserted their ships for the gold-regions of the Pacific. In every department of industry there was a demand for hands. Shipowners were obliged to take such as they could get; and as seagoing is not a favourite occupation for the bulk of the population, as the general treatment of them by the Government has added many artificial hardships to those natural to a sea life, the best part of the population avoided our ships. Ships had to compete with railways, with mines, &c., for daring hands, and did not obtain the best. As the demand for seamen extended, it embraced those of foreign vessels

entering our harbours, and the worst portions of their crews would be the first to desert. Of all men sailors belong the least to any one country, and as our demand increased beyond our own maritime population, which, in the main, supplies the United States with sailors, our ships became, in part, manned by the riff-raff from all nations. Escaped negroes, Portuguese, Italians, Greeks, men of the lowest civilization, made up their crews; and in comparison with the hardy sailors of Shields, Bridport, Yarmouth, Shetland, &c., whom old shipowners remembered, these were very inferior. This is the explanation of the deterioration which has latterly become conspicuous.

There is another ground for the unfavourable comparison. It is a general and, we believe, not an unfounded opinion, that the bulk of our labouring classes is comparatively deteriorated. If so, the deterioration will be shared by the seamen. Certainly, of our population a greater proportional number has become capitalists; and in relation to them more day-labourers possessing little or no capital, and subsisting exclusively on wages, are in a worse condition than formerly. Little farmers and little manufacturers have made way for great farmers and great manufacturers, and the community has become more distinctly divided into capitalists and day-labourers. The two classes are less blended with one another than formerly. The rich, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer once said, have become richer, and the poor poorer. The latter may be better fed, better clothed, better housed than their forefathers; nevertheless, the distinction between them and the former has become greater. In relation, then, to capitalists, whether shipowners, farmers, or manufacturers, the labouring classes have deteriorated. They may be positively improved, but relatively they have not improved so much as the classes above them. Between the house, clothing, furniture, and mode of living of the peasant and those of the tenant farmer, there is now a much greater difference than there was a century ago. A similar difference is traceable between the present race of seamen and the present race of shipowners. As the little farmers have disappeared so have the little shipowner-sailors themselves; and the great shipowners who have supplied their place are so much in advance of the present race of seamen, that in their eyes the latter have deteriorated.

Mr. Mackay gives us undesignedly a striking illustration of the fact. The seamen are "lodged," he says, "in a top-gallant fore-castle open in front, having the chains worked through its centre, and it is, in every sense, a habitation for no human being, who is supposed to have the smallest self-respect"—"a place worse than most dog-kennels." This is the exact counterpart of the complaint made of the lodgings of the agricultural labourer. Are they not often worse than dog-kennels, and destructive of self-respect? The lodging of seamen formerly was not so bad as now, and the same argument is employed by farmers and shipowners for the wretched accommodation of their labourers. "I," Mr. Mackay admits, "am quite as guilty as my neighbours; and the argument we all use is, that even after turning every inch of space to account, we can scarcely live in the competition which now exists with all the world." So the farmers and landlords cannot live under competition unless they turn to account every foot of their land. The competition, however, which all these capitalists find so burdensome, is, with one another, to escape as much as possible the pressure of taxation on profit, and throw it as much as possible on wages. The deterioration of the seaman and the agricultural labourer, shows that both shipowners and landowners are but too successful; and both would benefit their labourers, even if they did not benefit themselves, were they to resist extravagant expenditure, instead of exerting all their faculties, as is shown by the "dog-kennels" to which the multitude are reduced, to throw the burden of taxation on wages.

Another fact bearing on this subject is, that sea-going life, like cultivating the land, is an old, and therefore a familiar and comparatively easily-learned business. A youth begins either in the fields frightening birds, or watching cattle, or on board ship as a cabin-boy, to earn wages as soon as he can labour. No apprenticeship to either business is necessary; no premium is given. The old regulation, compelling merchant captains to take apprentices, which some people now desire to have renewed, compelled them to employ boys to do the work of men, that they in time might become expert. Now, as a rule, every old, familiar, and easily-learned business is proportionably worse paid than new occupations, which are the chief means of improving the condition of the multitude. Engineers, millwrights, printers, mule-spinners, &c., are much better paid than agricultural labourers and sailors. Hence, as these new arts have lately increased in number, while their domain has extended, and a great competition for skilful hands has taken place, our merchant-ships have obtained only inferior men. When we look at the workers on our railways and the *élite* of our towns, we must deny that any deterioration has taken place in our whole people. We deny, too, from our present experience, that the increase of population, *per se*, has the least tendency to dwarf individuals physically; but we have no doubt whatever that seamen, both in the merchant marine and in Her Majesty's navy, have deteriorated, comparatively, very much,

both physically and morally; and that if the deterioration be not stopped, our naval supremacy will be endangered.

Can the deterioration be stopped? We believe it can, by the universal panacea—do justice, restore freedom. If our laws and institutions have unduly favoured the upper classes, and have contributed to stop the improvement, if not actually to deteriorate the agricultural labourer, they have for ages been unjust to the seamen, and have prevented their improvement, have kept superior men out of our ships, and are the chief causes of the deterioration which everybody is now beginning to deplore. We must not follow Mr. Lindsay's recommendation, and multiply penal enactments and police regulations. The shipowners, like all men who have done wrong, are now bewildered. Mr. Lindsay would have the shipping of mercantile seamen placed under a Government board, and have them punished for desertion as they are punished on board men of war. Mr. Mackay would have all seamen educated in the Navy, making it the nursery for the mercantile marine, instead of the mercantile marine being the nursery for it. These gentlemen, then, would maintain and extend all that remain of the consequences of the old system of impressment, which the shipowners, to their own disgrace and injury, never effectually opposed. We must not adopt their new nostrums; we must do justice to the seamen. No mere increase of pay, on which so many persons now justly insist, no petty honours of clasps, and stripes, and crosses, will ever reconcile our improving population to the unnecessary and degrading restraints to which the Government, and capitalist shipowners following its bad example, have subjected all seafaring men.

HOW THE BRITISH LEGION HELPED GARIBALDI.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—In my remarks on the subject of the conduct of the British Legion at Naples, I carefully abstained from naming any member of it, or of imputing the unfortunate results which have attended the expedition to certain individuals. My object was to warn the British public against similar manifestations of sympathy, which, whether undertaken by Englishmen in a good, or by Irishmen in a bad cause, are equally certain to lead to the same unhappy consequences. I endeavoured to show why this must always be the case. I meant to attack not so much the Legion, as the principle; and Mr. Praed's letter confirms my view. I maintain that the composition and organization of a legion of "volunteer excursionists" must invariably be such as to insure failure. Mr. Praed proves that it was so in this case, by throwing all the blame on the colonel and his military secretary. I don't pretend to say where the blame lay. Perhaps, were it worth while to enter into the personal question, I could point it out more clearly than Mr. Praed, who pretends, because he lives at Liverpool, to know more of the matter than I who have lived at Naples. I simply assert that, in consequence of the conduct of certain of those who composed the Legion, it failed; and if there is ever another similar attempt made, I prophesy that it will, for the same reasons, fail again." I pass over the monstrous misstatement of Mr. Praed, "that English arms turned the fortunes of the day at Melazzo." The old Cacciatori would hardly admit that the thirty-seven Englishmen who happened to be in Dunne's brigade saved Italy on that occasion. Does Mr. Praed know that all these heroes were disarmed and disbanded for insubordination, at the request of their officers, at San Giovanni, in Calabria; and that none of them (I do not refer to Dunne and Wyndham) remained with the army throughout the campaign?

That the Italians do not entertain so high an opinion of the British Legion as Mr. Praed may be gathered from the fact that they have been glad to give them six months' pay in advance, and send them about their business. This is the last instalment drawn on Italy in favour of British sympathizers. Let this be contrasted with the treatment of the Hungarian Legion, who have now been taken into the service of Piedmont, and draw their regular pay from that Government.

If Mr. Praed wishes to serve his countrymen he had better not display his ignorance by eliciting facts discreditable to them, and to which I had not otherwise meant to allude. Let him confine himself to the pecuniary questions connected with the Legion; here I admit he has shown himself completely master of the situation: and by means of lengthy and ambiguous epistles in the newspapers has contrived, with singular dexterity, to keep the public in ignorance as to how the funds of the Legion have been spent. At present, therefore, Mr. Praed is at perfect liberty to make any statement he pleases with reference to these interesting details without fear of contradiction.

ONE WHO HAS RECENTLY RETURNED FROM ITALY.

POST-OFFICE "CRIMINALS."

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—No daily receiver of friendly letters but must feel, as much as sterner men of business, the boon the Penny Postage really is; but there can be no one, whose heart is in the right place, but would prefer to see the vast revenue derived from this source reduced by the few thousands necessary to pay our letter-carriers adequately. These men are now transferred in numbers to jail for taking the golden bribe to dishonesty, with which, gleaming through a too transparent envelope, their masters first tempt, and then punish them for stealing. And this is done, too, by a Christian government composed of Christian men, whom we believe daily to repeat that beautiful sentence of a sacred prayer,—“Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.”

In common with many others, sir, I hope you will continue to wield your powerful pen in aid of these poor, oppressed servants of a Government that is doing its utmost to supply Newgate with criminals of their own making, from a

class of men who would be honest if they were properly paid and not “led into temptation” by those whose proper duty it is to prevent, and not to create crime.

Since I read your observations on this subject, and have learnt that one-fifth of the prisoners in that dreadful jail are derived from the Post-office alone, I have not only taken more interest than before in “our Postman,” but I have taken also some pains to inquire into his condition and circumstances. Our postman is nearly seventy years of age, and his welcome hand has familiarly rapped at our door as long as I can remember—for more, I am told, than two-and-twenty years. For many years he walked upwards of twenty miles a day, receiving sixteen shillings a week as his pay; and when he became too infirm for this daily journey, his distance was reduced to sixteen miles, and, alas! his wages were reduced also, but in greater degree. He was eased of four miles per diem, but his weekly shillings were diminished by six,—and the poor old man still trudges through his long sixteen miles per day, and receives his paltry ten shillings per week for the service.

Even on this miserable pittance he had until last week to support a sickly wife and an aged and infirm father, both of whom would have perished months ago from starvation but for the charity of “our postman's” neighbours. Death, more kind than “our postman's” master, has taken these aged burthens to himself, and their funerals have been paid for by subscription. This aged and lonely man is now left to his full ten shillings (!) for all his earthly needs and wants.

AN ADMIRER OF “THE LONDON REVIEW.”

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, 19th December.

If ever a man was born to be the tormentor of another, I should say Count d'Haussonville was sent upon earth expressly to fill that office for the Emperor Napoleon. Do what he will, M. d'Haussonville is always coming athwart his attempts. M. d'Haussonville is of Lorraine extraction, and pertinacious as are all the sons of that province; add to which, he was married into the Broglie family, where obstinacy, quietly practised, is an hereditary virtue; and add to all that, he is deaf as a post, does not hear the noise he makes, and “tape comme un sourd,” as his intimate friends say.

One thing is quite certain, and that is that more than half His Majesty's reasons for his recent liberal concessions bear engraven on them the name of d'Haussonville. The following is the list of what this one single individual has achieved:—In the autumn of 1859, while the Treaty of Zurich was in process of signature, out comes a letter from Count d'Haussonville to the *Courier du Dimanche*, vaunting parliamentary institutions, and saying that, if France had had these, she would not have had the war! A few days after, it is officiously announced that the French press is about to be more gently treated. “Immediately,” says M. d'Haussonville, “now's our time!” and to work he sets, and a “Letter to the Senate” appears, in which he declares to that venerable body that upon it depends the salvation of the Empire and the future liberties of French citizens! The document being in anything save a pleasant tone, the Government found it had enough of the joke, and declared in the *Moniteur* that, as it was evident that freedom was only likely to be misused, it was wiser no freedom should be given. The Press remained where it was before. But not so M. d'Haussonville. The mischievous idea struck him to have a journal of his own! This, however, the Emperor and his Ministers were resolved should not be, and M. Billault swore that, so long as he, Billault, was Billault, no paper should M. d'Haussonville have!

But the incurable Count was not to be got rid of in this way. Like Lord Plunket's tenants he has to be “burnt out,” or “pulled down,” and you can't settle him till you've strewn salt over the ground whereon he stood. “If I can't have a paper, said he, “I'll have a *procès*!” and, sure enough of *procès*, he has had close upon half a dozen already. Why! every *procès* there has been for the last twelvemonth hangs directly or indirectly to this d'Haussonville prosecution, *apropos* to a journal that was to be “moderate,” but that it was felt would be seditious, and that the Government would not hear of, on account of its “moderation”! It is not done yet,—a last discussion is going on now before some tribunal or other, in which the whole affair is called up anew before the public. But, not satisfied with this, M. d'Haussonville, towards the month of May or June last, calls together all the members of the opposition parties—Legitimist, Orleanist, and Republican,—and draws them into a coalition of pamphlets to be published monthly. The first thus published was the Prince de Broglie's “Algeria,” the second M. Prévost-Paradol's “Anciens Partis;” but here, as we remember, they were brought to a sudden stop.

The Government could stand it no longer, and Prévost-Paradol was made the victim; but the repeated blows of the incorrigible assailant had told; in the Liberal set they say, “Cet enragé de sourd a tant tapé qu'il s'est fait entendre;” and some of M. d'Haussonville's ends have been gained. Not all of them, however. His aim is liberty of the press with legal guarantees; and his mode of action is to bully the senate. He maliciously takes for his text the too famous “Letter to the Senators,” written by the Emperor to these “Reverend Seigniors” in 1856; and he says he finds therein that the Senate is bound to exercise an “initiative!” To this the inexorable pamphleteer will hold them. He is inevitable; he lies in wait for them at every corner, catches them at every turn, and, covering them with compliments, condemns them to be wise! and they shall not only be “wise,” he says, but they shall be brave, and statesmanlike, and patriotic! He begins by telling them the French press must be “legally free;” that they must make it so; and that they must “act!” He holds up to them the recent conduct of the State Councillors of Austria, saying: “These men were honest advisers! try to follow their example. The Austrian Government listened to them with hopeful surprise. Their master had not insisted beforehand on the Moldavians establishing ministerial responsibility, nor had he caused his ambassador to some other power to be put in danger of a sound thrashing by imposing constitutional government

upon a sovereign in a mess. Their master had done nothing of all this, and yet these men ventured to speak and utter liberal thoughts, and the descendant of the Hapsburgs thought it right to march with the times. One more," says M. d'Haussonville, "go and read what was said in Vienna; then study your *Moniteurs* of January 1856, and try to 'understand your mission.' We promise you we will not fail in fulfilling ours."

This extract will suffice to prove to you that nothing can be more insolent than the tone of M. d'Haussonville's brochure. It is sold by thousands; yet just at this moment, it would be impossible for the Government, with its expressed desire for freedom, to take any rough measures against it. I think, however, I was justified in calling M. d'Haussonville Louis Napoleon's tormentor-in-chief.

In small things as well as great, His Imperial Majesty is just now made uncomfortable. His own words are taken out of his mouth, and used to his own senators, to stir them up to a frantic desire for free speech, and his own pet piece for the Boulevard is made impossible, by the money-getting propensities of his own *nouveaux riches*. As you are perhaps aware, His Majesty does not only write pamphlets and leaders in his own newspapers, he also works actively at the formation of public opinion through the medium of the stage. His principle is that nothing is so easy to "work" as public opinion, and he accordingly "works" it with a vengeance. Last winter he gave M. Mocquard the idea of the Mortara case; M. Mocquard called in a clever collaborateur, and "La Tireuse de Cartes" was brought out. He then said it would be well to stimulate "imperialistic sentiment," as embodied in an increase of territory. M. Mocquard produced "L'Histoire d'un Drapeau," and showed how pleasantly the Bonapartist flag waved on the banks of the Rhine.

This year the Emperor was convinced the Eastern question must be made popular, under the form of the "sick man's" dissolution in general; and, in particular, under that of Abd-el-Kader, king of Syria! M. Mocquard was all aflame with vaudevillistic zeal; the "Massacres of Syria" were sketched out, the Emperor revising scene by scene; camels were brought from Cairo at no matter what cost, all the French consuls in the East were busy sending costumes to Paris, every capital in Europe was ransacked for an actor who should "look" Abd-el-Kader, when it began to be evident that the "sick man" was, at all events, conscious still, for he protested against the Emir's histrionic royalty. Abd-el-Kader was transformed into a lesser personage, and the "Massacres of Syria" were to be given at the Cirque last month with extraordinary splendour. At the last hour, however, rose up M. Mirès, and his weapon of attack was a sheet of paper, on which was written "Turkish Loan!" The "Massacres" would have injured the loan, so, for the moment, at all events, Plutus has vanquished Thespis, and Louis Napoleon may say, like Racine's *Athalie*,

"Dieu des Juifs, tu l'emportes!"

The Emperor has been done by the orange-boy of Bordeaux, and all his cherished dreams of dramatic success have, for the present, vanished into thin air.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

Although the news from China is dropping in day by day, and the excitement is considerably lessened by the knowledge of the great fact that PEACE IS CONCLUDED, still there is enough left for the inquiry of the caterer for news, and the impatience of the gossips of the clubs, and the speculators of the Stock Exchange.

It is lamentable to be compelled at last to give up our hopes for Mr. Bowlby, who is now numbered, with Mr. De Norman and Captain Anderson, amongst the victims of Chinese cruelty. The account of the Sikh soldier (published with the despatches on Saturday evening) turns out to be too true. This soldier was one of those who escaped, and he described Mr. Bowlby as one of those tied up for three hot days and cold nights without food. The actual deaths amount to nineteen,—three Frenchmen of distinction, in addition to those three of ours, and the rest being soldiers of the respective escorts.

There is still hope that Captain Brabazon may be amongst the remaining captives lodged at a distance, and not brought in. The Government is not yet in possession of the nature or amount of the retribution exacted from the Chinese, but there can be little doubt that it will be of a serious and exemplary character. The survivors on the spot are not likely to feel less acutely than we do, the perfidy and cruelty of the Chinese, to captives who were surrounded whilst bearing a flag of truce. The French have had some of their indemnity out in the celebration of a High Mass and *Te Deum*, amidst the ringing of bells, and lighting of candles, &c.; and they have given this portion of the intelligence to the French public without any delay. The English mode of retribution will, no doubt, be of a more stern and practical kind.

The French, too, have ascertained the amount of their indemnity in money, which they place at 60 million of francs, or two million four hundred thousand pounds sterling. As this exceeds the amount appropriated to them at Tien-tsin, it is fair to assume that ours will be greater than the amount stipulated for, when the negotiations were broken off at Tien-tsin by the shuffling of the Chinese, which rendered necessary the march of the allies on Peking. Knowing the anxiety felt upon this part of the subject, I have made inquiries, and find that the Government have not received any notification of the precise amount agreed upon as our share of indemnity money under the treaty just concluded. It is supposed, however, that it will not be less than four millions sterling.

Lord Elgin has a margin allowed him in his instructions as to this substantial part of the arrangements. At Tien-tsin we were to have had 8 millions of taels, or £2,700,000—a tael being about a third of a pound. Four millions sterling will be very acceptable to Mr. Gladstone, and will assist him materially over the Income-tax difficulty, which will not always be patiently borne by the struggling men of small incomes, under £500 a year, who are hardly pressed by local and imperial taxation beyond their fair share.

People are already speculating upon the gift of the Garter, vacant by the death of Lord Aberdeen to Lord Elgin, as the blue riband of the Duke of Richmond was transferred to the Duke of Newcastle on his return from a successful mission.

Sir Hope Grant, too, will receive his full reward; and the civil servants who escaped will not be forgotten in the distribution of honours and rewards.

The vast gain to the country will be the opening of six more ports for Trade in the northern division of China, and the breaking-down for ever of the great sham, that Peking was not to be approached by "barbarian" feet. The fiction of the invulnerability of the mighty capital is destroyed for ever, and with it much of the domineering insolence of the rulers, and the stories with which they imposed upon the credulity of soft-headed and soft-hearted Europeans.

The abolition of passports in France is a great step. It is not only a vast good in itself, but will be the cause of much good otherwise. Although the press and the Assemblies are not as free as here, still the late improvements in the Government of France are most valuable, and all in the right direction. This is the true way for the Emperor to consolidate his dynasty, and to increase the prosperity of France; and M. de Persigny is a sagacious man to find it out, and an honest man to act upon it.

It is not to be inferred from Lord John Russell's visit to Woburn that the danger to the Duke of Bedford is imminent. He has long been accustomed to make a visit at this season. The two brothers have been always greatly attached. But in politics the duke had always an opinion of his own, and his sagacity was prized by his friends and his party, although his habits and feelings withheld him from taking a prominent part in public life. The Duke is an admirable landlord, and has improved the condition of his property and of his tenants in town and country, as much as he has increased the income of his estates. He gave £15,000 to assist the new communication from St. Martin's-lane to Covent-garden; and he covered his estates in Bedfordshire (of 35,000 acres) with hundreds of new farm-buildings, and thousands of cottages for the labourers.

Mr. Mudie opened his new hall on Monday evening last with a grand *conversazione*, to which most of the literary and artistic celebrities of the day were invited. The gradual expansion of the great librarian's business has rendered an enlargement of the premises in New Oxford-street absolutely necessary; and Mr. Mudie has supplied this want, by building a magnificent receptacle for books on the site of certain courts and alleys leading out of Museum-street. His new hall is large enough to contain all the literary failures and successes of the next twenty years, and the dry vaults underneath would afford decent burial for half the existing generation of authors. The architect has wisely eschewed colour in the Ionic columns that support the roof, and the only relief to the snow-white masonry, is obtained from the variegated bindings of the books. The company collected by Mr. Mudie to view this splendid addition to his ordinary shop, represented all degrees in literature and art, and every shade of theological opinion. Journalists rushed in from leader-writing and editing; poets and painters took charge of actresses or "strong-minded women," and circled round, or dived between blocks of intellectual chatterers, whose conversation was strictly professional. The appearance of eminent publishers, in agreeable conference with eminent authors, gave a tone of business to the place, and made it look like one of those exchanges where "merchants most do congregate." Several literary visitors were doubtless gratified by seeing a long shelf devoted to one of their books, but envy stepped in to blight their happiness, by pointing out how many were "uncut," unused volumes. The daily and weekly press, with the magazines and reviews, were represented by their leading members, and when one literary foe met another on this neutral ground, his feelings were softened by the distant sound of music. In a few days the hall will be covered with boxes and packing-cases, and will present no other aspect than that of a large and elegant book warehouse.

The canal proprietors of England are waking up at last, and are trying to obtain the aid of steam to improve their dividends and their prospects. The forty millions sterling invested in this class of property has sunk enormously in value during the last twenty years, notwithstanding the fact that canal goods traffic has increased by about 25,000 tons per annum since the opening of railroads. The problem has been to find an engine that will occupy a very small space, increase the speed of the "fly-boats" continually gliding day and night over our five thousand miles of canals, and yet not produce sufficient "wash," or lateral wave, to destroy the valuable banks of these narrow channels. This problem has, at last, been solved by Mr. Birch, an eminent mechanic, acting for the Grand Junction Canal Company; and while the speed of the ordinary canal boats may be doubled under the neat and simple engines of this inventor, the working expenses will probably be reduced at least forty per cent. The canals already beat the railways by about five per cent. in the carriage of heavy goods requiring nothing but slow transit, and this improvement will give them an ample margin for further competition. The Grand Junction Canal Company inaugurated the introduction of steam on canals this week, and in a few years the whole features of this enormous inland traffic will be changed. "Bargees" will be turned into stokers and enginemen; and men like "Captain Randle," who figure in "Odd Journeys," will become, like stage coachmen, an extinct race.

The young folks from school, and the holiday-makers in general, will have a wide range of choice in their visits to the theatre this Christmas. Pantomime and extravaganza are already announced at all the West-end theatres. The old familiar names of the nursery and fairy tales already figure extensively on the bills.

Even Her Majesty's Theatre condescends to pantomime on Boxing Night. After a new English opera, called "Queen Topaze," we are to have the grand pantomime of "Tom Thumb." Covent Garden puts forward the attractive title of "Blue Beard;" and Drury Lane relies upon "Peter Wilkins; or, the Flying Dutchman," to exhibit the pantomime strength of the company, and the pictorial talent of Mr. W. Beverley. The opening is, as usual, by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who has been the successful inventor of several successive extravaganzas of that

class. At the Haymarket, Mr. Buckstone promises us one of his own neat productions, after the manner of "The Sleeping Beauty," "Little Bo-Peep," &c. It is to be called "Queen Ladybird and her Children;" or, Harlequin, and a House on Fire," which will introduce the dancing and agility of the Leclerqs, and the extravaganza best rendered at this little theatre.

At the Adelphi we have another edition of "Blue Beard," of a different hue from that of Covent Garden, and with all the appliances of the Adelphi stage. The Princess's figures the friend of young and old children. Robinson Crusoe is called up to amuse us once again. At the Lyceum, Madame Celeste has selected the striking title of "Chrystabelle," or "The Rose without a Thorn," which is a flower, we fear, seldom found out of the inimitable scenes of Mr. Calcot, and which Madame Celeste will no doubt "put upon the stage" with her usual taste. The Strand relies upon Cinderella and the everlasting little slipper, which Miss Swanborough promises to fit upon her pretty little foot. We are to have a true Robson burlesque at the Olympic; and I believe that Mr. Wigan will give us a Planché Romance at the St. James's, although it is not yet announced.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XXIV.

MR. WAGSTAFFE ALLOWS A FRIEND TO SAY A GOOD WORD FOR TOBACCO.

A VERY particular friend, of whom I desire to speak with the utmost respect, and more than the utmost, if such a stretch of word or thought be possible, is the brother of the Earl of Throgmorton, the Honourable John Trench. The respect is due to him, not because he calls himself or is called "The Honourable," for we are all honourable men; not because he is rich, and witty, and wise, and generous, but because (the confession is base enough, but truth is truth, and ought to prevail much oftener than it does), he gives better dinners, and better wine, and keeps his company in better humour while dinner lasts, than any man in Europe. England only possesses him for brief seasons; for a genius such as his requires France, Germany, and Italy, as well as England, for its full development and activity. But we who honour him, can follow to London or to Paris either, if need be, to get into the Excelsior or the Excelsissimus of human life, and dine with Trench. His dinner parties never exceed ten. He says it is folly, if not worse, to have a greater number at table; and for these favoured ten he provides a repast, without extravagance, which satisfies the eye, the palate, the nose, the ear, and the touch, and which ministers alike to physical and to intellectual gratification; which renders eating one of the fine arts, and presses into the service of the appetite, science and literature, the pleasures of sense and the pleasures of soul; and in the indulgence of which the whole nature is not only strengthened, but purified and exalted. And admirable as is his cookery, his choice of wine transcends it. No fiery port, or execrable sherry, or swindling champagne—in fact, no Port, and no Sherry, is ever to be found at Mr. Trench's table: but Bordeaux, of the choicest vintages; Burgundy, from Romanée Conti down to Beaune, tenderly handled as becomes its delicacy; Rhenish, both red and white; Johannisberger and Asmanshausen, such as Apicius never dreamed of; Voslauer, potent and grave, from Hungary; with Catawba and Isabella, from Cincinnati, that glitter and sparkle, and "cheer but not inebriate;"—these, the very finest of their kind, are the drinks that are taken at, and not after dinner, when Mr. Trench receives his friends.

There are fools who have been invited once, and only once, to these symposia, who have betrayed their preference of common Port to his choice Burgundy, and of common beef, roast or boiled, to his scientific *entremets*: but Mr. Trench knows such "common fellows," as he calls them, by their look, attitude, and gesture, at table. They have no necessity to speak. He sees at a glance that they are not of the Sèvres or Dresden ware, of which he is made, but of common delf, of the willow pattern. They never have a second chance of showing their ignorance at his table; and we who are of the inner circle, and know the mysteries, rejoice at their exclusion. The ideas of Mr. Trench upon English cookery have never yet been given to the world; but perhaps they will be, through me. Let the reader look for them to study them—if he would know the idiosyncrasies of a man who was as much born to give dinners as Napoleon I. to gain victories, or an Old Bailey barrister to bully a witness—who has the means as well as the knowledge to excel in the vocation to which Providence and a good fortune have called him, and who has managed to press all the senses into the service of the palate, and to dignify not only the palate, but every other sense in the process. Would that man had ten senses instead of five! And for that matter why not a thousand? Who shall limit the illimitable? And may not the beatitudes of superior beings, and of Heaven, consist in an increase of the number of those sensuous doors, by which the limitless soul communicates with nature? We have eyes now that can see a stone wall; why should we not have eyes hereafter that can see through one?

Dining with Mr. Trench last week, he took me to task for my hatred of tobacco. I defended my opinions,—and he defended his. The result was, after a few preliminary skirmishes, that he did battle with me in the following fashion, for his favourite indulgence:—

"Is it not curious," he said, "that the more civilization has increased in the world, the more tobacco has been consumed? The growth of the one keeps pace with the love of the other, and *vice versa*. The discoveries of science are made by men who blow clouds of tobacco-smoke. When Homer lived there was no smoking, but there were also no steam-engines. When Plato taught there were no cigars, but at the same time there were no railroads. Let us inquire,

not only what are the fascinations of tobacco, but its effect upon the mind and body of those who use it. By the general consent of all who smoke, it is conceded that tobacco has a soothing influence upon the brain and nerves. It calms irritability. No man can be angry with a pipe or cigar in his mouth. It disposes the mind to peace, charity, and good-will. The Indian phrase, 'the calumet of peace,' has passed into our English idiom. The smoke of gunpowder is warlike; that of tobacco is redolent of negotiation, truce, peace, and reconciliation. If a man will do an ill-natured thing he must put down his pipe to do it. Then again, the pipe or cigar is a companion. He who smokes is not alone, even in the extreme of solitude. He has a friend in his mouth, who administers consolation to him for the hard rubs he may have received from the world. Smoke disposes the mind to meditation and self-communion. To know one's self has always been held the greatest proof of wisdom; and how much self-knowledge is acquired in those long-drawn whiffs of the solitary smoker, when, heedless of the world without, his thoughts are entirely concentrated upon that wonderful microcosm—himself? What is it that cheers the hard life of a sailor? Tobacco. What is it that enables the soldier to march o'er bog and brake, to ford rivers, to penetrate through wildernesses of snow, to endure the ice of the frigid and the scorching heat of the torrid zone? Tobacco. What is it that reconciles the man to the world who has a large bill due to-morrow and not a stiver to meet it? Tobacco. Did any man ever meditate suicide with a pipe or cigar in his mouth? Never! and no man ever will. The influence of the plant is so genial, that when any thought of the kind shoots across the brain of the dejected and the forlorn, they have but to light a pipe or cigar, and be reconciled to their miserable existence. All ideas of the rope or the razor, of prussic acid or a leap from Waterloo Bridge, vanish before the fumes of a choice Havannah. The troubles of the mind yield to the delicious influence of the blessed weed. And great as are these benefits and fascinations, all derivable from tobacco, I hold that there are many others which should make men in a high state of civilization grateful to Providence for so splendid and beneficent a gift.

"Worn with the undue pressure upon the brain consequent upon the fierce competition of the present day—debilitated as well as depressed—overwrought in the struggle to subsist, or to maintain a respectable position in the world, the man of shattered nerves has a friend that lies gentle as sleep, soft as down, luxurious as sunshine, upon his senses. That friend is tobacco. Even when the nerves are not shattered, when the man is sound of mind and limb, and unannoyed by the cares and sorrows of the world; when the mind is, as it were, fallow, and waiting to bring forth a crop of ideas, the balmy influences of tobacco predisposes it to fructification. None but those who have smoked know the heavenly luxury of a cigar after dinner. It is then that, reclining in an easy chair, or stretched at full length upon a sofa, we are aware of certain half-formed thoughts and fancies, which go flitting across the camera-lucida of the inner life—it is then that the soul itself seems to float lazily, quietly, beautifully, and beatifically, like a light cloud upon the evening sky, looking down complacently upon the clay above which it soars, yet from which it sprang, and to which it belongs. Supposing the cynic to be reclining on a sofa at his own fire-side, under the light of his own resplendent chandelier, comfortable as all cynics are, are there not countless illustrations of the vanity of the world to be afforded him by the clouds of thin blue smoke which he discharges from his mouth and nostrils? The love of woman! Alas! in what is it better or more substantial than the vapours of his Havannah? Possession of gold? Alas! and doubly and trebly alas! what signifies it? What is it worth after it has been acquired? Will it repay the grey and aching head, or the seared and aching heart? Will it soothe the troubled conscience? Will it bring healing to the sick? No; but tobacco will; and therefore are the fumes of pipe or cigar, in producing this effect, more valuable by far than the possession of treasure. Is fame more worthy? Not a whit. It is but a breath, and is even more unsubstantial than the whiff of a meerschaum. Oftentimes, indeed, it is far more evanescent.

"Equally apt for its illustration of another phase of human life and character, is the smoke which the smoker exhales. Should he be an epicurean, easy and good-natured, at ease with himself and with all the world, determined to extract from the world, while he lives in it, all the harmless enjoyment that he can, an enemy of no man, but simply the enemy of care, vexation, annoyance, and all the rude and strong passions that might disturb the ceaseless serenity of his soul, the light fumes of his hooka or his Havannah afford him abundant opportunities to moralize upon earthly vanity. What, for instance, is grief, that it should weigh upon his immortal mind? 'Tis nothing—'tis but as a puff of smoke and it is gone. What is anger that it should lodge in his breast, and what is there in the world worth being angry about? Nothing;—unless the thin fleecy cloud that hovers above his face as he puffs his cigar, be worthy of entering into the large list of respectable entities. Spite, jealousy, malice, envy—all the other little mean paltry passions—are infinitely less than smoke in the estimation of such a man as this is. As for the big grandiloquent tragic passions, they are no better than the little ones. They are like the smoke out of an evil and maleficent furnace, not to be compared to the smoke of his pipe, which is altogether benevolent and beneficent. But, after all, the principal virtue of tobacco is that it is friendly of itself, and is the cause of friendliness in others. If two men have ever been in the habit of smoking together, there is peace between them. To smoke with a man in modern times, is tanta-

mount to the practice among the ancients of breaking bread with him. It is a sign of hospitality and good will. It may not always make people friends, but it prevents them from becoming enemies while the smoking lasts. We are told that many a friendship which adorned a life, and only concluded with it, arose, in the early ages of the world, over a crust of bread. I have no doubt that many a friendship, equally pure, disinterested, and constant, owes its origin, in the present age, to a proffered cigar, to the demand for and concession of a light, or to the graceful and common courtesy of a pinch out of a neighbour's snuffbox."

In reply to this rhapsody, to which I listened, I hope, with all the patience becoming the guest of such an Amphitryon—and of which I did not previously believe myself capable under the circumstances of such a calm premeditated outrage on one of my most cherished convictions—I simply asked Mr. Trench if he had ever heard "The Lady's Vow"? Of course I knew he had not; and on his replying in the negative, I repeated it to him thus,—

"Tobacco is the weed of death:
It blacks the teeth,—it taints the breath.
By all that's good,—by all that's fair,
This is the oath we women swear:
No more to ours his lips shall press
Who loves the poison, more or less.
Let those who snuff it sigh and groan
For ever loveless and alone.
Let those who chew it herd with swine,
With cleaner jaws and taste as fine.
And those who smoke it live their lives
Without the joy of weans and wives.
Wise or foolish, great or small,
Down with smokers one and all!"

"Such doggrel proves nothing!" said Mr. Trench. "But doggrel or no doggrel," said I, "it may express an honest wish—and quite agreeing with the ladies, I beg, in their names, to close the discussion."

MEN OF MARK.—No. XII.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.G., K.T., ETC.

THE ministerial career and public services of the late Earl of Aberdeen have been copiously described by our contemporaries, and it would be wearisome and unprofitable to travel over the same ground. A few personal characteristics which have not appeared elsewhere may, however, be acceptable, as enabling the public to fill up with the warm hues of flesh and blood the outline, drawn by our brother journalists, of the statesman and the senator.

If the visitor to the House of Lords were asked on some night of great debate to look round and select the most judicious-looking peer, he would have stopped without hesitation at the Earl of Aberdeen. An indefinable something in his expression and features pointed him out as pre-eminently a judicious statesman. There would be many peers whose faces and heads indicated intelligence, sharpness, cleverness, while the expression of others might be said to be astute, thoughtful, and reflective. But there was a mildness, a moderation, an amiability, an evenness of temper beaming in Lord Aberdeen's features, which could not be found in the same proportions in any other physiognomy in either House of Parliament. This evenly-balanced and highly-trained judgment Lavater would have traced in largest measure in the lines about the mouth, which was large, and manifested great firmness of purpose as well as sweetness of disposition. The venerable peer's movements were slow and measured, his gestures sparing and simple. Every trait indicated a statesman not easily thrown off his balance, not rash in deciding, intelligent without impulsiveness, and firm without obstinacy.

Up to 1841 the Earl of Aberdeen was a party politician, and nothing more. When Sir Robert Peel, being restored to office in that year, showed signs of an intention to emancipate himself from the trammels of party, his Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs shared in his wider views, and began also to live for posterity. Lord Palmerston's foreign policy had often been haughty and irritating to foreign Powers. It was said, and not without truth, that the interference of the English Cabinet in the internal affairs of foreign States compromised ourselves without aiding the objects of our sympathy. Lord Aberdeen was, on the contrary, peculiarly qualified by taste and temper to become a moderator and peace-maker. He took part in adjusting the dispute between the Sublime Porte and the Shah of Persia, which menaced the tranquillity of the East. He successfully endeavoured, in concert with the Government of Louis Philippe, to put an end to civil war and intestine convulsion on the banks of the River Plate. When the Oregon question threatened a war between England and the United States, Lord Aberdeen never doubted his ability to bring the dispute to an amicable settlement. He was charged with conceding too much—with showing his cards to his adversary. He was told he had permitted Lord Ashburton to shake all his equivalents out of a bag upon the floor, instead of exacting the *quid pro quo* from the United States, and driving a hard diplomatic bargain. Lord Palmerston worked this vein with great dexterity and success. Sir Robert Peel, however, exerted all his plausibility in defence of his Foreign Secretary, and the moneyed and commercial interests were not sorry to see a dispute about a comparatively worthless tract of territory settled out of hand. Like Rembrandt, Vandyke, Hogarth, and other masters of the art of painting, who have not thought it undignified to paint their own portraits, the Earl of Aberdeen on this occasion drew, with a modest and unobtrusive hand, the characteristics by which it was his ambition to be known to succeeding times. After saying that "believing, as he did, that war was the greatest calamity that could befall a nation, and also, generally, the greatest crime that a nation could commit, their lordships might rely that every effort consistent with honour would be made to avert it," the noble earl added, "My lords, if I might without presumption speak on a subject which is perhaps personal to myself, I would say your lordships may believe that the conduct of these great transactions would be *forbearing, conciliating, moderate, and just.*"

Here we have the portrait of the "Athenian Aberdeen," painted by himself; nor can it be said that in the judgment of his contemporaries the likeness is flattered.

One of Lord John's best hits in debate, was aimed at Sir R. Peel's Foreign Secretary. "Saa! my noble friend (Palmerston) is not the Minister—ah!—of Austria—he is not the Minister—ah!—of Russia—he is the Minister—ah!—of ENGLAND." The Whigs and Radicals shouted themselves hoarse. The "cheer" lasted five minutes. But a Nemesis waits upon epigrams, and we are sure to wish unsaid all the *bon mots* we make at other people's expense. Emerson, in his "Conduct of Life," says, the politician must "hold his hatreds at arm's length, and not remember spite. He has neither friends nor enemies, but values men only as channels of power." There came a time when he who was, by implication, the Minister of Austria and of Russia, but not of England, was the head of a Cabinet in which his uncomplimentary critic was himself the Foreign Secretary. Lord Aberdeen had been not a whit more complimentary upon the foreign policy of Lord John Russell's Government, and especially upon Lord Palmerston's conduct in the affair of Don Pacifico. The proceedings in the Greek waters, sanctioned by the Whig Government, had, he said, "excited one universal cry of indignation throughout Europe." "When I look," said the noble earl, "at our relations with Europe generally, I find them in an unprecedented condition. There is, however, my lords, this consolation, that the nations of the continent fortunately separate the conduct of her Majesty's Government from the feelings of the English people."

The death of Sir R. Peel left the Earl of Aberdeen the recognized leader of the Peel party, and on the defeat of Lord Derby's Government in December, 1852, he was sent for by her Majesty, and commissioned to form a Government. The result was the Coalition Cabinet. Strong in debate, and having the confidence of the House of Commons, Lord Aberdeen's administration was marked by many legislative and administrative improvements. But the excessive devotion of the Premier to peace principles, and the abhorrence of war which characterized his Oregon speeches and negotiations, unfitted him for dealing with the haughty, arbitrary, and self-willed Czar. This was a nettle that required bolder handling. The nation "drifted into war." As the leader of a party, the Premier had been obliged to give seats in the Cabinet and high ministerial office to his friends. The men who had the highest claims upon him were the Duke of Newcastle and Sidney Herbert—very good "fair-weather" politicians. An ill fortune, and perhaps an ambition that overleapt itself, led the one, however, to claim the seals of the Colonies, and the other the post of Secretary at War, in which capacities they jointly exercised functions of military administration, since blended in the Secretary of State for War. Our military system broke down. Mr. Roebuck arraigned the incompetent Ministers at the bar of public opinion, and Lord John Russell, unable to defend his two colleagues, resigned. The Earl of Aberdeen knew that he must stand or fall by his political party in the Cabinet, and when Mr. Roebuck carried the Sebastopol Committee, he gave in his resignation, and virtually retired into private life. He has not unfrequently since taken his seat upon the cross-benches of the Upper House, but has seldom addressed their lordships.

Lord Aberdeen made no pretensions to rhetoric, but his speeches were marked by brevity, clearness, simplicity and propriety. The desire to fill a space in the public eye, to be talked of in the newspapers, which inspires so many orators in both Houses, never brought him to his feet. No Premier since the Reform Bill has spoken so little. His speeches were models of terseness. Never did he claim their lordships' attention, even when First Lord of the Treasury, except an absolute necessity drove him to explain or defend the measures or views of his administration. If all statesmen were equally modest, equally reticent, and equally considerate, there would be time for needful legislation, and every Session would not leave the bulk of its business as a remanet. His speeches were always marked by good sense—by that quality of judiciousness, in fact, which distinguished him above his contemporaries. His Government will be favourably known to posterity by the succession duties on real property; by the amelioration of the exclusive system of admission to the Universities; by a system of examination for employment in the Civil Service, involving a sacrifice of Parliamentary patronage and influence which was in advance of the age; by several measures for the extension of free-trade; and by the inauguration of a new Government for India.

Finally, the Earl of Aberdeen has left the impress of his moderation upon the foreign policy of this country. Peace, non-interference, conciliation, justice—the principles, in fact, of Lord Aberdeen's foreign policy are now the acknowledged rule of action of a British Government. Recent events in Italy have shown the wisdom of the new course of policy. "Judicious bottle-holders" may not always be able to restrain their sympathies, and may be tempted now and then to "egg on" their belligerent friends. But it will not be denied that since Lord Palmerston came under the personal influence of the deceased statesman, his foreign policy has become assimilated in a remarkable degree to that of his former rival and political antagonist. Mildness, dignified forbearance, a sincere respect for the feelings and independence of other powers, an absence of bluster in our dealings with weaker states, a calm and conciliatory tone befitting our strength, and an indisposition to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, are principles of foreign policy eminently favourable to peace, prosperity, and civilization. Nor has the Minister lived in vain who has been spared to see these distinctive merits of his foreign administration adopted by his political opponents whether Conservative or Liberal, with the full approbation of the British people.

PHYSICIANS IN CHINA.—It is wise to learn from our enemies, says the proverb; and at any rate it can do no harm to learn how the Chinese pay their doctors. In the celestial empire the rule is "No cure, no pay;" but as the court physicians are paid by salaries, the arrangement is to pay so long as the royal health continues, and cut off during indisposition till quite convalescent.

ANIMAL-IMPROVERS.

SIMPLE as the economy of the great farming-stock world may seem to those who merely care to look at Herring's pretty canvas pastorals, and order the weekly sirloin or leg of pork, it is in truth made up of countless weighty thoughts and interests, and plenty of sharp practice to boot. It has a Debreit of its own, which traces its "Canterbury Pilgrims" (of which *Punch* sang in July), eighty years back, among the "yellow—reds, and whites," with Hubback and Belvidere as its Cecil and Godolphin, and "the white heifer which travelled," as a peeress in her own right. Those pastures

"Where Greta trips with twinkling feet,
To join the statelier Tees,"—

are still the same Goshen of cream and beef; but the ancient flockmaster has to look in vain for the Teeswaters of his youth. The history of Short-horns, especially, has been a strange shifting drama, since their lowings were first heard in the land. Very few who ushered in the new era at the Ketton sale, and saw the hammer fall for a thousand guineas over the mighty "Comet," remain to tell the tale. An average of £151 that day had its sure effect in creating boundless jealousy. Alloy pamphlets grew rife; and then it needed all the philosophy that Lord Althorp, the Rev. H. Berry, Mr. Whitaker, and a few others, could muster, to keep up heart at all, during many a weary year of agricultural distress. Americans gradually sought the valley of the Wharfe, and carried wondrous tales across the Atlantic of the cows of the Whitaker herd; and "a quiet afternoon at Killerby" began to suggest pleasant memories of "Young Albion," with his wondrous rib, "Leonard" of the loin, and "Necklace" and "Bracelet," the most invincible of twins. "Warlabby" then rose into sight, with its "Isabellas," its "Hopes," its "Gems," and its "Blossoms;" and a long line of royal winners, which knew no defeat till Colonel Townley entered the lists, and showed them pretty decisively that a herd, to be successful in the long run, must not be a close borough in blood. The history of the Townley herd is the most unchequered and brilliant on record. Upwards of six thousand pounds' worth of stock were sold out of it in one year, but still it knew no diminution; and "Beauty's Butterfly," who stormed every bucolic heart at Smithfield last December, might have made a model for Phidias or Chantrey.

It is only of late years that substantial justice has been done to the clear searching brain, and sarcastic philosophy of Mr. Bates. Sir Fowell Buxton thought there was nothing worth living for but negroes and partridges; Mr. Justice Buller made the same observation in favour of Nisi Prius and whist; Mr. Pugin bracketed architecture and boating as his chief joys; and missionaries and Short-horns were all Mr. Bates's desire. His beasts would come to him and lick his hand, while he talked to them, hour after hour, in his Kirklevington meadows; and he lay on a little straw in the cowhouse near his darlings, when he was too weak to walk, and hardly quitted it by day, till the death-throes were on him. Such enthusiasm could scarcely fail of producing some great results. Breeders still speak of his "Fourth Duke of Northumberland," as the grandest animal that ever filled the eye; and the "Duchess" tribe, which he fostered so fondly, brought up the late Earl of Ducie's sale average to £150 odd. Like many originators, he was too bigoted, and his breed has thriven far better by dispersion into the Duke of Devonshire's, Mr. Bolden's, and Captain Gunter's hands. Already has the former made a thousand guineas, twice over, from the Americans, for bulls; while the latter would not take less than that sum for any one of his cows or heifers, and then only with a guarantee that she was to go abroad forthwith.

The wild cattle of Chillingham still roam their park, with a coat as white, and an eye as tameless as ever; but while the Herefords and Devons are very stationary, the one lacking in quality and the other in size, man has gradually moulded the Short-horn at his will. Family colours are very tenacious of yielding; and to this day the little white beauty spot above the muzzle, and the marks on the thigh and flank invariably come out in the red Duchesses. From some fancy or other, roan became gradually to be considered as orthodox for a Short-horn, as bay for a horse; and by a judicious use of red and white parents, it has almost risen to the dignity of a primitive colour. There is no doubt that certain great cattle-breeders, the Maynard family for instance, had quite as good bullocks half a century ago, as we can breed now; but it is through the united thought and efforts of different improvers, that the general standard of excellence has become so much higher. Mr. Bates laboured in his day to combine good backs with fine mellow handling and milking properties. Sir Charles Knightly declared war against open shoulders, till the neatness of the Fawsley fore-quarter became a proverb. The Booths prided themselves on a fine breast, deep flesh, and a rare level fore-flank. Colonel Townley has proved that, with an Admirable Crichton of a herdsman, it is possible to force cows and heifers to the highest pitch for shows, and yet dot your pastures abundantly with calves as well; and breeders and show judges universally set their faces against "fool's fat" and patchiness, and love to see their candidates fed as level as a horse.

To grow meat in the right place, is the great achievement. It is not in the fourpenny, but in the ninepenny regions, that a judge cares to see it laid on, and therefore a breast so big that it takes a couple of hands to handle, counts for very little with him. He takes care to breed so as to remove that scoppiness on the beefsteak region which is so fatal to a juicy cut. The thin-fleshed tendency along the back has to be set right; a fine spring of the rib has to be acquired for the sirloin's sake; and thick "Marmaduke crops" have to be substituted for a mere razor-edged hillock at the union of the shoulders. As with a horse so with a Short-horn—the soundest constitution is to be found in a long well-ribbed-up carcass on a short leg; and when that leg is as light in the bone as possible, the back ribs closely knit together, the quarter and twist well let down, the shoulders neatly laid back, the flank deep, the neck-vein close, and a placid eye in a small head, the problem of the best beef-machine is pretty nearly solved.

Human ingenuity, except perhaps in the strictly agricultural districts, where they have tried to breed him more light and active, has done very little for the horse. The thorough-bred of 1860 is pretty much what it was when George Guelph sported his fat and foolish person at Newmarket. We have nothing stouter than Sir Peter Teazle, and nothing handsomer than Whisker; but, with the peace of Lord Redesdale be it spoken, Teddington or Alice Hawthorne could doubtless stay and race with the best of them, in spite of

our light-weight and short-course propensities. At all sales the mares and yearlings with the most bone and size invariably command the highest prices; and, to use the words of the *Sporting Magazine*, in reference to his lordship's jeremiad over deterioration: "It is just as wise to argue that because the means of locomotion, in railways, omnibusses, and cabs, have progressed so wonderfully that therefore the babies of the last thirty years have been born with worse legs and feet." Still we are bound to confess that if our blood and cart horses show no decline, there is a decided retrogression as far as coach and riding horses are concerned. The combined carelessness and meanness of the farmers is the source of this mischief. They do not care what they breed from as long as they see something in the shape of a foal, and they patronize such rips of blood sires, if they can get their services for five-and-twenty or thirty shillings, that the owners of good ones, who do not care to conform to such a wretched tariff, sell to the foreigners in sheer self-defence. As with cattle so with horses,—length on a short stout leg is what is always wanted, but is rarely ever got.

On sheep-structure the improvers have practised with remarkable success, as the Shropshire Downs can abundantly testify. It is not for us to settle the moot question, whether Southdown mutton, washed down with sherry, or Leicester with port, is least productive of gout; but when we look at the "Webbs" and the "Sandays," in their long fleecy platoons in the Royal showyard, or the Cotswolds, which Garne and Hewer love, we are almost tempted to say with a modern shepherd, when he examined the stunted representatives of a flock of the old-fashioned uncrossed Bakewells, "Beant there a touch of the goat about them?" Under the influence of modern thought, the back has been expanded till it would seem that there must be a rood of mutton-chops beneath. The long lean worthless scrag has been got rid of, and the head fixed so close with the neck vein into the shoulders, that a plumb line would almost rest level from the crown to the rump. By care in getting the twist well down, three or four pounds have been added to the leg of mutton; and to assist its development the hocks are brought so completely under the sheep that it appears to be supported on two pairs of forelegs. Wool, too, has engaged every energy, and many a ewe gets drafted abroad, simply because her fleece clips half a pound short of the regulation standard. A good flockmaster is as anxious that such a propensity should not become hereditary, through her lambs, as the Saxony shepherd is to collect his golden-fleeced merinoes into a barn when he sees a threatening cloud. Lincolnshire rams are the great corrective when the fibre becomes too short, and to them the most rigid disciples of Bakewell have turned, periodically, not only for wool but for that size which all farmers covet. What they can attain to, in both respects, may be judged from the fact, that one of Mr. Dudding's rams this year clipped to 28 lbs., and the shepherd had been so accustomed to 23 lb. fleeces that he has never been able to ascertain which sheep it came from.

Pig-improvers have not been laggards in the farm-yard march. They have learnt that cleanliness has much to do with growth, but the ingenious doctrine that pigs should be on spar floors, so that locomotion may become impossible, has never been engrafted into their creed. They eschew the monsters of the sty as taking too much to feed them, and the smaller ones "make up to nothing when they are fed." Hence to get a cross between the two, with hams as big as possible, and "bacon on to the very top of their heads," and gradually wending its way over the face, till all the language of the eye is fed out of it, and the snout is merely left as a feeding or breathing tube, is the very acme of pork-manufacture.

The gude-wives have not been behind their husbands in their own peculiar sphere. Taking the Birmingham show as the test, Dorkings can be reared 2½ lbs. heavier than they were before medals and winning rosettes in prospective exercised such a thrilling influence. Once on a time a farmer would pull up in his gig to gaze at a 15 lb. goose, whereas now three may be seen in one pen averaging, as nearly as possible, 25 lbs. apiece. Even the Rev. J. Robinson's two-stone gander had to resign its apple-sauce supremacy when a grey one 2 lbs. heavier visited Bingley Hall. Aylesbury ducks have also been improved into nearly double their old 4 lbs. standard; and turkey fanciers have learned to regard 16 lbs. as nothing out of the way, and to produce 21-pounders for the prize at Christmas-tide. With such figures and results before us, who can say that genius is confined to the towns, or that enthusiasm has waxed cold in the homestead and the grange?

WILD SPORT IN GERMANY.

[From our Travelling Correspondent.]

It is pleasant, when the gaiety and dissipation of continental watering-places begin to pall upon us, to withdraw from their fashionable promenades to the wild valleys of a certain principality, and under the auspices of "Our Royal Highness," devote ourselves to the slaughter of the "antlered monarchs" with which his forests are abundantly stocked. The crack of the rifle is a more healthy sound than the roll of the pea at roulette; it is more profitable to bag stags than to lose napoleons, and hunt deer rather than fortune. Physically and morally, we feel the bracing effect of the change of life, and speedily discover that the clear mountain air produces more satisfactory results than all the brunnens of Germany, polluted with so much social poison. It is a cheering sight to see these well-appointed four-in-hand drags drawn up in the old courtyard of "Our Royal Highness's" chateau, waiting for their complement of sportsmen. Here we have no bows or ribbons, or grooms in pen-wiper livery, presiding over the screws which the fast men at "our watering-place" love to display; the horses are too well bred to require the assistance of gaudy trappings to show them off, and the whole turn-out is unexceptionable in point of taste. As we sweep in succession round the picturesque angle of the old castle, and down the broad avenue into the dark pine woods the blood dances in our veins, the horses feel the exhilarating influence, and our near leader—a thorough-bred chestnut—shows constant symptoms of a desire to accelerate the pace. Whenever we come to the slightest descent, the *mécanique* is applied, and horses in Germany do not consequently know what it is to hold back a carriage going down-hill. There is more up than down-hill in the road we are taking to-day, however. Gradually the valleys narrow; huge masses of granite rock impend over the road, projecting above us in fantastic shapes, sometimes, to all appearance, holding their precarious perches by a very uncertain tenure. Gloomy narrow

chasms, down which dash mountain torrents, open up from the road; the edge of the precipices are fringed with pine-trees (wherever there is holding-ground pine-trees cling), and throw a still darker shade over these sombre recesses. We wind through the forest, sometimes zigzag, sometimes following the bed of a stream along a good road—for "Our Royal Highness" is experienced in road-making,—until at last we reach a saddle in the range. Here there is an open green space, where a *châlet*, or hunting-lodge, has been built. It is a picturesque wooden structure, with overhanging eaves, and is surrounded by a wild-looking crowd of men, armed with sticks, who are drawn up in array, as though in anticipation of "a row." These are the beaters, marshalled under their respective officers, or under-keepers, while the commander-in-chief, in the person of head keeper, advances to report progress, and consult with "Our Royal Highness" as to the tactics to be pursued. They are both old sportsmen, deeply skilled in the art of venery, and we feel every confidence in the result of their confabulation.

There is a practical business air about the arrangements which we English, with our prejudiced notions upon the subject of foreign sport, are not prepared for. The costumes of the sportsmen are almost precisely the same as they are in England, except that some of the shooting-coats are of leather instead of velvet, and knickerbockers are replaced by jack-boots, reaching to the thighs. The sporting colour throughout Germany is green; cuffs and collars, and wide-awake hats are often, therefore, of that hue. The keepers are all in a uniform of grey, with green facings, and look as if they belonged to one of the metropolitan Volunteer corps. Half a dozen bloodhounds, with pedigrees rivalling that of "Our Royal Highness," and ancestral traditions of feats performed in the chase embalmed in the hunting archives, are standing in leashes, watching with intelligent eye the progress of events. Two waggons are at the door, one loaded with goose-quills, another with faggots, pointed sticks, and bundles of rags and string. We are at a loss to conceive the object they are designed to serve; but the first beat enlightens us. A few sturdy ponies complete the group, and by the time we have finished our inventory of it, we are ready to start. "Forwards," says the commander-in-chief; and we plunge into the woods. Half an hour's scramble through them brings us to the side of a steep hill, running along the edge of which we observe a line, apparently of many-coloured towels, fluttering in the wind. We then discover the mystery of the quills, string, &c.: the whole hill-side is enclosed by a girdle of quills and towels, the thin pointed sticks are the supports for miles of clothes-lines, on which are twisted quills instead of socks, and bright-coloured rags instead of shirts, the object being to frighten the deer and prevent their escaping from the area which is being beaten. The hill-side is covered with thick bush and young pine-trees, and at the bottom runs a stream along a narrow meadow, behind which the opposite side of the valley rises abruptly, covered with heavy forest. The sportsmen are now placed at favourable spots within the lines. "Our Royal Highness" ensconces himself in a sort of stand, covered with boughs of trees, so as to form a screen, which commands a wide view, and a good deal of comparatively open ground. We are posted separately, in glades and passes, where we must make up our minds to be contented with a snap shot. We hear the signal given at last: the cries of the beaters, the words of command, and the yelp now and then of a dog, are the first sounds; then comes the crack of a rifle; then another, and another.

They are having all the fun at the other end, evidently. No! there is a rush and a crackle in the bushes near us, then a dead silence—breathless expectation! b-r-r-r, rap, rap, rap, goes a distant beater; click goes the hammer of our rifle; then crash comes a fine young stag, bounding down ten feet of rock into the bed of the stream, of course just where there is a sharp turn, so that he is only visible for a moment; then he shows again fifty yards off; the fluttering rags will head him back; no they don't,—they are an imposition; bang goes our rifle: a spring straight into the air, a contemptuous but somewhat spasmodic kick of the hind legs, and our friend vanishes; we are naturally certain we hit him,—must have done so. Now, if we had only been standing ten yards lower down, we should have been certain of him: what a pity. Load again, grumbling, and thinking what we shall say when we are asked how we came to miss. Whit! just as we are ramming home, a roebuck darts out almost between our legs; we won't say anything about having seen him. Silence again, then a series of sharp reports like file-firing. Either the game is plentiful on the opposite side of the cover, or the shooting is bad. There goes a large stag bounding along the ridge, out of shot, and apparently unharmed; as we watch him gracefully careering over the ground, with head thrown back, and antlers almost touching his withers, we observe a movement on the steep hill-side; it is another roebuck confused by the noise, and standing on a crag in evident doubt what to do. "Our Royal Highness" appears at the same moment, and points to the game; it is a long shot, and we put up the three hundred yard sight. Shall we sit on our heel and show him what we do at Hythe? Our friend the buck kindly obliges us by standing still; another second and he is toppling off the rock; as much astonished at the result of the report as we are, he shows it by vainly attempting to get upon his legs again; we by loading as if nothing unusual had occurred,—quite the sort of thing we are in the habit of doing. "A good shot," says "Our Royal Highness," who joins us. "There are 130,000 men in England who could do it," we reply modestly, devoutly hoping that neither we nor they may ever be put to the test. Rule-of-three sum, which "Our Royal Highness" proceeds mentally to solve: If an Englishman can hit a roebuck at 300 yards, at how many yards could he hit a Frenchman? So absorbed is he in the calculation that he misses a stag which is crossing the stream a long way down, but only shows for a second. He can afford to miss, he tells us, for he has already killed one stag this morning, and wounded another.

Meantime the beaters show one after the other, and the party collects to recount their various experiences. Result: two stags killed, two supposed to be wounded, three roebucks killed, one wounded. We take the dogs up to the scene of our first shot, and there, after much search, find, sure enough, a plentiful sprinkling of blood. The discovery is made known to the most experienced hound; he snuffs it eagerly, examines minutely with his nose the scent for some yards, returns, looks wistfully into the face of the keeper, and lies down; by which course of procedure he means to intimate that the wound is too slight to make it worth while following up the stag; keeper says, "Dog says it's no use." Dog's verdict decisive: let us go and see what is to be the fate of the one wounded by "Our Royal Highness." It is with some difficulty that we discover a drop of blood here. Same dog consulted: he snuffs

about, comes back, jumps upon the keeper, and is off again on the scent like a shot. Keeper says, "Dog says we can get this stag." Dog accordingly called in: the scent is too hot; the stag must be allowed a little repose—left to think over his miseries, or he may have strength enough to get out of the woods of "Our Royal Highness" if too hardly pressed. So we go to another beat. We have not been posted three minutes when out jumps a hind, and apparently aware that she is an unprotected female, and, as such, entitled to respect, stands and looks at us not fifty yards off. We return the stare, take off our hat, and she trots majestically away. The result of the beat is another stag, and then we return to our wounded friend, two hours having now elapsed. The dog works wonderfully, never once at fault, even at a double back; crosses the stream, and picks up the scent on the other side with a marvellous instinct. "Our Royal Highness" follows close, and we all come out on a piece of open at the same time, to see a magnificent stag limp across it. In a few moments he is down, one dog at his nose, another at his ear; he makes a manful struggle, but still it is of no use; the vital energy is almost exhausted, and a well-directed thrust with a hunting-knife ends his mortal career. Then commander-in-chief presents each of us with a sprig of pine,—for we are entitled to this trophy when a royal stag has fallen to the gun of any of the party, and the antlers of the one before us count sixteen points, not including a little excrescence which cannot legitimately be considered one.

We are consoled by our success for a pelting shower of rain, which wets us to the skin, and drives the game out of the lower cover into the tall woods. Thither we follow them. We are strolling towards the drive, when another buck glances like a meteor through the trees, a hundred yards off. We miss him, of course. "Bah!" says "Our Royal Highness," as he wipes our eye; "not quite ready for the French yet, I'm afraid."

"Not if they are going to dodge through the bushes like rabbits," we growl, and load sulkily.

The beech-woods are pleasant to walk through, but they give us no sport, and we wind up our day, very well satisfied with our bag nevertheless.

Our drags are waiting for us at a picturesque little village embosomed in the mountains, and we march through it triumphantly, our sprigs of pine producing their proper effect. We drive back by another but equally beautiful road, and on the way a heron soars above us, and lights in a tarn to the left. The leading carriage stops. "Our Royal Highness" descends, rifle in hand; before he gets within a hundred yards of the tarn, the heron perceives him, and with a great splash and flutter takes wing again,—not to go far, however; and as the majestic bird comes toppling headlong down, we are consoled for the last episode of the buck. It is no disgrace to be beaten by such a shot, and we lament that it is not in our power to offer "Our Royal Highness" a company in the 100th Middlesex Volunteers.

A mild balmy evening succeeds the rain, and we arrive in time to dine as usual in the summer garden, beneath tall old trees, close to a fountain where the water-jets fall into wreaths of floating flowers, and make soft music to us as we sit over coffee with our cigars, and listen to their constant splashing. For we live in the open air when the weather permits it; but this summer, in Germany, as elsewhere, the rain has been incessant, and has spoiled both our *al fresco* existence and our sport.

Sometimes we sleep all night at *châlets* in the woods, and have a jovial pic-nicking time of it. Sometimes we dispense with beaters altogether, and stroll through the forest with our rifle, stalking our game; or, during the rutting season, calling them by blowing on leaves of grass held lightly between the two thumbs. Then innocent roebucks come trotting confidently up to the supposed fair one, and only discover the base advantage which has been taken of their gallantry on receiving an ounce of lead in their too susceptible hearts.

It is with a heavy heart that we turn our backs upon the woods of "Our Royal Highness," and all the amenities of his hospitable court, and watch with a longing gaze the last turret of the castle, stocked with its trophies of a century's sport, disappear in the dark shadows of the waving pine-trees.

SPIRITUALISM UNVEILED.

A LECTURE was delivered on Wednesday night, at St. James's Hall, by Mr. Henry Novra, in which he gave an account of inquiries recently made by him into the phenomena of "Spiritualism." Mr. Novra stated his opinion that those best able to expose the knavery of professional spiritualists have had no motive or opportunity to investigate the subject, or to lay the results of their observations before the public. When any flagrant abuse in state administration is to be inquired into, it is the custom, he said, for the Government of this country to appoint Scotch commissioners to point out what is wrong, and set matters to right. Cagliostro, the most eminent spiritualist of the last generation, succeeded in hoaxing the *haut ton* of every city in Europe. He passed from Rome to Paris, from Paris to Vienna; in every new capital gaining fresh notoriety, and swindling his dupes out of larger and larger sums of money. But at St. Petersburg, according to Mr. Thomas Carlyle, he came in contact, for the first time, with a native of these islands. A Scotch doctor was then at the court of the Czar, who pricked the bladder, and it collapsed never to be blown up again.

Now spiritualism, continued the lecturer, has undergone the ordeal of a Scotch committee, and has passed through it unscathed. Lord Brougham, the Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, the most acute lawyer of the age, and Sir David Brewster, the principal of the same learned body, one of our greatest physicists, the editor of an encyclopædia and the author of a work on magic, have sat in committee on the subject, and have not only failed to detect any fraud, but have been obliged to own that they saw and heard things which they could not account for. But lawyers and professors, continued Mr. Novra, are not the men to discover the arts of a dexterous conjurer. What is wanted is a person who can go to a railway-crossing, see the express train pass at full speed, and yet be able to tell, when it has disappeared, the number of passengers it contained, how many were male and how many female, how many wore spectacles, how many read the newspapers, how many consulted *Bradshaw*, how many slept, and how many were engaged in converse sweet. Now all this a conjurer can do. Neither an acute ex-chancellor, nor "a profound optician," is a match for a Red Indian, in any act which implies cultivation of the senses, and neither can, in this respect, cope with the professors of legerdemain.

Louis Napoleon, with that sagacity which characterizes him, first discovered that spiritualists should be dealt with by the orthodox professors of natural magic, just as the wisdom of opening a new coal-pit should be tested by a geologist or mining engineer, and not by a magistrate or clergyman. Here is the way in which the modern science of magic was brought under the notice of the French emperor. Algeria, it appears, is kept in constant hot water by Arab prophets, a class of fanatics who, imposing upon their countrymen by conjuring tricks, lead them to believe in absurd predictions and prophecies. A recent tourist tells us that the Kabyle mountaineers are not a greater source of weakness to the French Government than the Arab soothsayers. The evil was increasing; something had to be done; and in a bright moment it occurred to the Emperor to send Robert Houdin into the country to study the subject and draw up a blue-book. The professor had no difficulty in understanding all the necromancy of the Arabs, and in repeating what they did, with tricks of his own worth two of theirs. He dispelled the delusion, as the African sun scatters the clouds wafted over the Atlas to the desert. When Mr. Home, the spiritualist, repaired recently to the Court of the Tuileries, the Emperor, mindful of old favours, invited Houdin to be present at the *stances*. He came, but the oracles were dumb. The presence of the sceptic displeased the spirits, who, under such circumstances, are always shy, and they would not answer.

Mr. Novra, an English conjuror, told his audience that he determined to investigate the wonderful phenomena which had staggered Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster. In the spring of 1859 he was living at Dr. Wilson's hydropathic establishment at Malvern, and met there with several gentlemen who expressed a wish to join him in his inquiries. The fame of Mrs. Marshall and her niece was then at its zenith, their wonderful performances having found an able exponent in Mr. William Howitt. The services of these ladies were obtained. Mr. Novra was introduced to them. There was nothing remarkable, he says, in their appearance. Mrs. Marshall was an elderly and buxom widow, who, to quote the poet,—

When in angry humour stalking,
Was like a dumpling set a-walking.

The niece was less plump, but she displayed a more than average development of muscle and sinew—Mr. Novra noted the fact. There was something peculiar in the appearance of both ladies which for a moment baffled the conjuror. But he soon discovered what it was. There was a want of crinolines. This was another fact. The first *stance* commenced. Twelve spirits were summoned from the deep, and proved to be in perfect working order. They made a great variety of raps—raps on the table, raps on a tea-tray, raps on the walls, and raps on the roof. A gentleman, who accompanied the ladies in a professional capacity, remarked, moreover, that the spirits were weak that evening. Then a loud and hollow knock interrupted the proceedings. That is the "cooper's knock," said one of the party—the deceased husband of Mrs. Marshall having been a cooper—whose spirit exhibits the interest it takes in one once so near and dear to it by dropping in unbidden to all the *stances* in which she takes a part. The spirits lifted books, and folded down their pages. They next began to crawl about the floor, every now and then grasping and pinching unmercifully the legs and ankles of the observers, by what are said to be claws and hands, but letting go their hold the moment the sufferers looked down to the spot. The crowning feat came: the party sat down to a table, and put their hands upon it, when, to the amazement of many present, it rose under the influence of some mysterious force no less than two feet from the ground, at which height it remained for a time, and then gracefully subsided.

Mr. Novra, on getting home, carefully thought over all he had seen. He had noted the pitch of the imitated sounds made by the spirits, and he found that he could produce them all. The raps from the table could be produced by rubbing the tip of the middle finger in bees'-wax, and letting it start forward in short unobtrusive jerks on the smooth mahogany. The raps from the tea-tray could be produced in a similar way by the nail of the fore-finger bent under the hand. The "cooper's knock" could be imitated with the heel of the boot on the floor. The lesser sounds which proceeded from distant parts of the room could be produced by rubbing the toe-nails against the soles of the boot inside, in a way explained by Wizard Anderson. But why, it may be asked, did these sounds proceed from the chimney, the windows, the cupboard, and the roof? Conjurors have no difficulty, says Mr. Novra, in answering that question. It is a hard matter, in a room, to tell whence any sound comes; and if the direction from which it is expected is indicated, those who hear it will not believe that it proceeds from any other spot. This the lecturer illustrated. With a knife he appeared to strike a tumbler which stood on his desk, and to make it ring loud and clear throughout the hall. No one in that vast audience discovered that his blows were mere feints, till he called out an assistant from behind a screen at the other end of the room, who showed the instrument which had really made the sound,—a glass vessel of a totally different kind, and yielding a different sound from that used by the lecturer.

In the same manner Mr. Novra showed how the spirits might be made to write on the floor, pinch and gripe, and fold down the leaves of books. The experience he has had as a conjuror had familiarized him with the vast importance in his profession of flexible feet and ankles in all tricks of legerdemain. To divert the attention from the spot where the work is done, and to do with the feet what is generally done with the hands, are, indeed, he says, the great secrets of the success of jugglers. Well-trained conjurors, by placing the sole of one foot on the top of another, are able to hold and snatch away slates and books, and much heavier articles, and, in short, to perform all the tricks performed by Mrs. Marshall and her niece. They would have no difficulty in pinching and grasping the legs of persons at a *stance*, by clasping them between the soles of the feet curved over each other, when a pinch is meant, and between the upper leathers when a gripe is given. Mr. Novra concluded, from the fact that gripes and pinches were only felt near the undistended petticoat of the ladies, and close to the floor, that they had been produced after this fashion. He, therefore, felt anxious to see the upper leathers of Mrs. Marshall's boots—the wear and tear of which he felt certain would exhibit traces of what they had undergone.

The table trick, too, he thought he could account for. Placing his right leg over his left knee, and using the latter as a fulcrum, he found that he could, seated on a chair, without great muscular effort raise an ordinary

cheap and light round table with a centre column and three feet. He felt convinced, too, that the sinewy limbs of the younger performer had a share in this phenomenon. At another *stance* his surmises were to be tested. The spirits were not at all shy: the first *stance* had given them confidence. The table rose to the former level. No sooner was it poised, than the Hercules of the party, as arranged, quickly threw out his foot, and held it tight against the lower surface of the pillar. Another limb he caught there, —a limb of flesh and blood, active and muscular,—which, despite its frantic efforts to escape, was firmly clutched until it was found to belong to the person of the younger lady. "Perhaps," inquired Mrs. Marshall, little moved, "you can do the raps too?" The answer was a request that she would exhibit her boots, which, in the confusion of the moment, she did, and all the suspicions of the conjuror were confirmed. They were worn where boots never are worn,—all over the instep, the prunella being cut into holes and shreds, like a pair of housemaid's gloves, by the long habit of pinching and grasping to which they had been used.

A performer in female attire, with a black veil, and without crinolines, illustrated all the phenomena as they were referred to by the lecturer. She might have been, for aught we know, Miss Marshall in disguise. The lecturer, as she raised the table, read the description given of the process by the author of the famous article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and proved its accuracy by showing that the jerks it makes in starting from the floor, the curves it forms in its ascent, the slope of the top towards the medium when it is fairly poised, and the graceful motion with which it subsides to its old place, are all the necessary conditions of the process he has had the quickness to detect. In conclusion, Mr. Novra said that he had explained all the spiritual manifestations he had been permitted to witness; and that if means of observation were afforded him he would undertake to explain all others. Taking up the gauntlet, a young lady, in spiritualist circles known as the "infant magnet," but now turned fifteen, ascended the platform, and raising a heavy tailor's goose from its long to its narrow end by touching it with her little finger, defied the sceptical lecturer to follow her example. But Mr. Novra knew the trick, and successfully performed it.

An old gentleman then protested against Mr. Novra's explanation being received as accounting for the phenomena of spiritualism. Seated in his arm-chair, he had ficated about under the ceiling of his own room, as in a balloon, suspended and poised in that position by jets of magnetic fluid, projected at him from the finger-tips of a wonder-stricken circle of friends on the floor. The remainder of the old gentleman's tale was drowned in the laughter of the audience; and so ended the first lecture of a series which we trust to see continued.

MODERN ENGLISH WOMEN.—No. III.

THE SCHOOLGIRL.

SCHOOLING is of two kinds: the ladylike and the rough; one where the polishing is so incessant it eats away the very substance of the silver—the other, where it is so sparing, that the rust and tarnish come up through the chasings, and encrust the ornamentation with an unsightly growth. Of the two, the rougher is to be preferred; nature being pretty sure to supply to the woman what is wanting to the girl if nature may but be left to herself, and not stifled out of being by quacks and their deadly nostrums. A school where a stricter attention is paid to deportment than to morals; where—how to step into a carriage—how to enter a room—and, how to accept a partner for the next dance, are matters more carefully insisted on than truth and honesty, and courage and unselfishness, is about the worst place of training that can be found; but there are many such for the higher classes, to whom this outside polish is a species of badge or shibboleth which marks the order, and rules it off from the vulgar world. The exquisite deportment of these higher classes no more comes by the grace of nature than does Latin or Greek; it is produced only by incessant painstaking, and by being always kept in view as the most important thing to be remembered; and the schools which turn out the most highly-bred young ladies, naturally give the largest amount of time and energy to the process. Such a school as this stands at one end of the list; at the other is the vulgar, rude, rampaging establishment, where the girls are calculated at just so much a head, and worth just so much margin of profit; where they are fed in herds, and taught in droves; where no individual attention of any kind is given to them, not even to the better-paying boarders, and no attempt made at refinement of manners or grace of conduct; where they are scantily taught by mechanical routine, and not educated at all, and where they are treated as so many articles of merchandise, like a set of young calves, for instance, taken in to graze upon economical principles. Terribly hazardous schools are these, full of dangers and unequal chances; schools which one impure mind may infect from end to end—for who is there to watch how the young souls are growing, or where the crude thoughts turn?—schools where often habits of deceit, and ideas illimitably evil are formed, to the sully and destruction of a whole after-life.

Of two kinds, also, is the course of instruction laid down for our unripened women. There is the higher, which crams the young mind with learning of a shallow scientific kind, of no useful or practical outlet whatever; with "history which is not to degenerate into factology;" with botany which has nothing of the fields and woodlands in it, but is only a dry, dull, class-room anatomization; with composition where there is neither fire nor poetry, but the highest place assigned to "précis-writing," whatever that may mean, and where there are twenty classes in the week, which means an occasional hour or two for studies, any one of which needs a lifetime to master. Twenty classes a week, and no time left for thought, for exercise, or girlish freedom; no time left for the womanly work which has to come; no time left for youthful pleasures, wherein lies so much of youthful growth and development—but all the precious hours devoted to the great Moloch of sham science, which not one-third of those young heads can understand, even to that superficial degree allowed, and which not one-tenth will keep up after they leave the walls of that gloomy "college." And there is the lower kind, which gives a still more shallow varnish of "accomplishments" only, and does not make pretence of more than the outside layer, where French is acquired which no Parisian could understand, and of which not a rule is thoroughly learnt nor an exercise intelligently framed; where music is acquired of noisy execution, never exact, and not a passage rightly rendered, because never understood; and

where drawing is acquired, as wooden and soulless and conventional as so much monkey imitation; but where history, and arithmetic, and domestic economy, and plain needlework, and anything else solid or useful, is left untouched as trifles not worth the learning. These are the schools where poonah-painting flourished, where potichomanie found congenial soil, where crochet is an article of faith, and stamped leather-work a matter of religion, where wax flowers rank high in the list of female excellence, and ecclesiastical embroidery—if they are “high church”—counts as virtue without price. These are the schools where the floating scum of fashionable “accomplishments,” all uselessness and sham, finds ready acceptance, and gives at least something to show for the paternal bills and their formidable issues. Neither of these two courses can be said to be satisfactory; but where to find a better? The teachers must first be taught before a new order of things can be established; and a deficiency must be acknowledged before it can be repaired.

The school-girl is generally all materiality or all romance: she cares only for rude romps at bed-time, for bold-eyed interchange of doubtful compliments with the academy for young gentlemen next door, for stealthy tarts and open murmuring at the scanty supply of plums in her pudding, or she raves of the moon and stars, reads poetry by the light of the summer dawning, dreams of moustachioed lovers six feet high, daring, melancholy, and divinely handsome, has her “mother” and her “husband” among her playmates, and makes her fresh bright life a sickly travesty of the sickly follies of the world outside. It is rare to meet with one who is the careless girl and gentle lady combined, full of dreamless innocence and rejoicing yet in the pleasures of her childhood, with all her passions unaroused, yet whose frank eyes get troubled too, if by chance the soft south wind blows too warmly on the lake in whose depths lies her unawakened love, if by chance the distant future loses something of its dim mysteriousness, and the life that is to come half shows its hidden meaning. Nothing in the world is so beautiful as the young girl whose mind is just beginning to develop, and with her mind, her heart and soul, and womanly nature. But this is not the ordinary school-girl of modern times, who for the most part is too sentimental or too coarse—has dreamed too much or knows too much, according to her classes—or the manner of her schooling—to be that idealization of human beauty—the child-like maiden, flowing softly into womanhood. It is the rose half opening to the sun: a week ago and the green swathe shut in all the brightness and the perfume; a week hence, and its heart will lie bare for every wandering air to rifle. It is only for a moment of time that this perfect beauty lasts: sorrow to those women whose girlhood has never had such a moment!

One great mistake in the management of growing girls at school is the little regard paid to daily hygienic management, and the little open air exercise allowed them. In many places an hour a day is thought ample for such a waste of time; if the mistress has a glimmering of common sense beyond the ordinary twilight of most school-mistresses’ brains, she goes through a parade of calisthenics, may-be of drilling superadded, and demands a certain life and spring in the dancing lessons; but neither calisthenics nor dancing can make up for the want of free open-air exercise, for the sharp walk against the keen north wind, or the laughing run over the frosty ground, or the quiet stroll in the summer shade, with heart, eye, and ear awake to the great stirrings of life and nature. A dance in a close room to the sound of a miserable jingle does nothing which nature and the free heavens do for youth. Mere movement is not everything, else the treadmill would be as healthful as cricket. But it is considered unladylike to allow girls to use their lungs or their limbs. When they go out, they must walk by twos in a decent row, soberly, and under dignified restraint. They must not run, nor jump, nor scream, nor loiter, nor pick flowers, nor have races, nor forget for a moment that they are young ladies under instruction, and that Nature was not made for them, nor they for her. Even the rougher schools allow of no freedom. Parents are greatly mistaken if they think that carelessness and vulgarity will ensure their children liberty to grow and develop according to the best laws of growth and development. As a rule, absolutely nothing is done for the physical well-being of the school-girl. No cold baths in the morning to harden the muscles and keep the skin pure and active; no fit exercise to strengthen the internal organs, nor long draughts of country air for the lungs and the blood; nothing to strengthen the frame, or to make the constitution vigorous and healthy, but everything to induce a sickly hot-house kind of state, where the seeds of future disease are laid through the direct contravention of natural laws. The school-girl is saved only by two things—early hours and simple diet. Without these a modern ladies’ school would be a charnel-house. Yet some things are better than in former times. The great law of progress has reached even the school-girl, and shaken even governesses and schoolmistresses out of their old ruts.

It is no longer thought necessary to give a fine shape and upright carriage by means of knitting needles stuck up against the chin, by backboards, braces, steel collars, or any other of the mechanical abominations which were to remedy a defect by inducing a deformity; ventilation comes in just on the outskirts of the daily necessities of life; warm feet are sometimes considered desirable for young bodies, and provided for; and it is not held the supreme iniquity of former times for chilled toes and red-blue fingers to trench upon the sacred border of the rug, or quicken the slackened circulation by the blazing fire; delicate spines are not always left to twist or warp on backless stools; and, when the doctor orders it, the use of a natural “chest expander” is allowed, and a fine shape and upright carriage are got more by muscular than by mechanical means. Still, little enough of that kind of training goes on; but, small as it is, it is in advance of the past.

But the failure in the school-girl is her want of usefulness. At great expense a father puts his daughter to one of the great finishing-schools, which is to teach her everything. Two or three years perfect her in her work. She comes home, say at eighteen, assumed to be educated—thoroughly educated; to be well up in history and geography—mind you—scientifically treated, none of your simple factology;—she knows, or is supposed to have been taught, Botany and Political Economy, Chemistry, Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian, the elements of Algebra, and the first book of Euclid; she knows the main features of photography, and is sometimes allowed to wear the stain of nitrate of silver on her own fingers; she can play and sing, and sketch and paint, and dance and ride; and is altogether a very charming young lady, fit to take her place in any drawing-room in England. But she has learnt nothing thoroughly. She has a smattering of a great deal, but nothing conscientiously mastered: she has picked up more words than ideas,

more talking-faculty than thoughts; her education has gone to the mere polishing and rounding of the surface, not to the moulding of a great and noble nature. Moreover, it is of such a kind as renders it unavailable in future times, and for any of the practical purposes of life. She can do nothing with it. She will not make the better wife, nor the wiser mother, nor the grander woman, for what she has brought away from her expensive finishing-school. All that she learnt there went simply towards making her an agreeable young lady, thereby increasing her charms, and enhancing her price in the matrimonial market; but her womanhood was left on one side. She comes home a graceful, ladylike, expensive toy, a most admirable drawing-room doll; but that brave old word of a help-mate for man, belongs as little to her as it does to her Skye-terrier and his velvet cushion, or her parrot and his gilded cage. She, and her Skye, and her parrot, and the velvet, and the gilding, and the showy school-acquirements, are all of the same class,—the same natural condition variously translated according to circumstances.

It is still worse with the young lady at the lower schools, where mere flashy accomplishments, badly taught, make up the sum of her education. As these schools are emphatically for the middle classes, and for the poorer of the middle classes, it would be only reasonable to expect that they would tend to make their pupils fit to become useful women; that they should have some reference to the future, and prepare the soil for the sowing. Half of those young ladies are destined to marry poor men, if they are married at all. Some of them will go out to Australia—some of them will have to earn their own living; to all of them practicality will be a vital need, and usefulness a first necessity. To fit them for this kind of life, they are taught sham accomplishments, in the place of woman’s work, and go out “to rough it” in the colonies, or settle down in some quiet country place as the wives of poorly-paid professional men, ignorant of the most common duties of domestic life. They are great with sketch-books, and crotchet-needles, and jingling pianos and bead-work, and the like; but not one of them can make a dress, or a shirt, or a pudding, or a loaf of bread; not one of them can wash out a pocket-handkerchief, or iron it when it is washed, without burning themselves or the cloth; not one of them can make a bed, or dress a baby, or feed a child, or teach a country wench how to cook a joint or clean a grate; not one of them knows the value of money, or can calculate what ought to be the expenses of housekeeping. This is all degrading work; and they are ladies, whose patent of gentility is idleness. And fathers pay their dearly-earned gains for the creation of this useless class, ignorant and cumbersome; and young men toil and work for the maintenance of this class, and the keeping up of its uselessness and finery; then wonder when they see their names burnt into the *Gazette*, and they break down in their career, bankrupt and undone.

The school-girl wants looking to. She wants to be allowed to grow under more healthful physical conditions, and to be educated for a more useful and practical womanhood. She wants to be kept with more simplicity, and nurtured with more nobleness; to be stripped of all her jagged finery of mind and manners, and to be rendered worthy of her true vocation, as the helpmate of toiling manhood, and the mother of a healthy, well-organized, virtuous race. She is now only a pretty doll with a curious internal mechanism, and we want the living, loving maiden, in whom lies the undeveloped image—the germ—of the future noble helpful woman.

A REAL LONDON DRAMA.

THE amount of talent wasted by rogues, is often a marvel to the honest members of the community, who may have fewer special gifts, but make their smaller endowment go farther and pay better, by the steady power of moral perceptions. If clever knaves were not essentially and fundamentally fools, they would make a much richer market of their capacities within the pale of the law, than they do in the wild hunting-ground outside its limit. They might easily keep society on their side, instead of waging perpetual war with it; but they prefer the predatory life, its uncertain gains, and certain result—the police-office, the prison-van, and Newgate. As they sow, they surely reap; but, looking at the bitter harvest awaiting them, it is sometimes impossible not to regret the waste of ability of all kinds, so constantly recorded in the police reports. Could we quite discard that sentiment of pity for these perversely-twisted natures, their skill and activity in catching their prey might almost be admired. On the other hand, the stupidity of the game they snare may, legitimately, be laughed at. Indeed, when thorough specimens of the two classes, knave and fool meet, there often ensues a scene from the low comedy of human life, as rich as any that great “unwritten drama” can furnish.

We use the illustration deliberately, convinced that many varieties of the sharper could only exist by continual exercise of first-rate powers of acting. In some cases that power is something wonderful. The “make-up” and personation will bear the test of daylight and close vicinity, and the assumption of character produces all the impression of reality, without the aid of gas-lights, scenery, or decorations. The efforts of the accomplished artist of the streets, are not directed towards the collective shillings of the public; but separating an unguarded simpleton from the mass, the comedian of rascality fascinates him, and transfers the precious sovereigns and the solid gold watch from their owner’s pockets to his own with apparent ease. The most recent proof of the proficiency we speak of was afforded the other day at the Southwark police-office; the *morale* of the action apart,—must there not have been excellent acting in the following little interlude of London life?

The scene opens in the “Ancient Sculpture Department of the British Museum;” note the locality, for it displays judgment. It abounds in provincials, and is almost the last place a resident Londoner would be found in. So much the better for the purpose of the “portly man of respectable appearance,” who is lounging there, with but slight interest, probably, in the *Torso of Theseus*. To him enters a gentleman, a real visitor; and strange to say, a Londoner, who, it may be assumed, sometimes reads a newspaper, and should have gained some knowledge of the ways of this wicked city; by what instinct or skill in physiognomy, does the portly person fix on him? That skill is one of the gifts of the class; and the portly man reads the predestined victim, as if he were a book. Then bringing the “respectable appearance,”—that capital “make-up,”—into play, the

portly presence approaches and addresses the genuine visitor, "in the Lancashire dialect," on the subject of sculpture generally. The choice of the provincial dialect is only one of the many fine strokes of art with which the case abounds. Then the parties "get into conversation"—fatal error; from that moment the cleaning-out of the second person in the dialogue was only a question of time. The next move of the respectable-looking man who spoke the Lancashire dialect, was to ask his companion the hour. Drawing "a valuable gold watch from his waistcoat pocket," the victim gives the information. Would he have seen a twinkle in the eye of the portly one, as he valued it to a fraction, and said, mentally, "It is mine!"

Scene the second, is the bar of the Museum Tavern, where the "respectable appearance" is treating his new friend to a glass of ale, and talking (in the Lancashire dialect) of the important business that has brought him to London. At this point they are joined by "a tall man of consumptive appearance." Note the contrast of the consumptive one with the "portly" figure of the first actor; what an eye for effect your knave possesses! The tall and pale party introduces himself as just up from Manchester; and all three resolve to visit the United Service Museum. Not gaining admission (as foreseen) they walk about the Horse Guards; and the third scene begins in another public-house, with an additional character in the action—a "man of florid complexion," just arrived from Douglas, in the Isle of Man, who warns the society that they are in a doubtful neighbourhood, for he had been "fleece out of two pounds" there; not that he cared for such a trifle—not he; a relative had just died and left him £7,000; he had plenty of money—look here! And he produces what appear to be a roll of bank-notes and a handful of sovereigns.

Now, all this must have been good acting; "overdone, or come tardy off," as Hamlet says, the grossness of the trick would have betrayed itself. Dialogue and "business" were both well studied; so much so, that the real flat of the piece begins to feel superior in shrewdness, and advises the sharper to take care of his money, or "he may be fleeced out of the whole of it, since he did not know what society he was in." The "florid-complexioned man," with the deceased relative and the £7,000, "laughed at that idea," as well he might; and offers to "stand a bottle of wine," like the *millionaire* as he is. The drama then progresses more rapidly. There is a challenge to the victim to test his skill in rifle-shooting, and an adjournment to a rifle-gallery, which turns out to be a skittle-ground. It is no matter; the three gentlemen are accommodating; the florid man, the consumptive one, and the portly party, will play skittles. But the latter thinks the skittle-ball is of iron; bets the victim a shilling it is, and victim cuts it with his knife, and has a shilling handed him. Nicely calculated all this; three fools, one with plenty of money, all ready to bet, lose, and pay; it may prove a good day's work to a sharp Londoner, whispers cupidity.

The florid man plays skittles so very clumsily, that he loses game after game to the portly one, to the amount of several pounds. A safe party to play with, thinks the victim—he is sure to lose. So victim plays him; but, strange to say, this time the florid man does not play so very badly; on the contrary, victim loses three shillings in a trice; the squeeze, it will be observed, is not made at once. Suddenly, the party of very respectable appearance offers to play victim for £10; not having it in coin, he hesitates, but is reminded he has a watch—the watch pulled out in the Museum. It is again produced, and contemptuously pronounced to be only pinchbeck by the florid person, who bets the Londoner £3 it is nothing else. Victim then thought the florid man a "flat" indeed, as the watch was a "family relic;" and, tempted by the certainty of winning £3 so easily, actually goes out and pawns the "family relic" for £6, thus gaining the bet. Then the final *coup* is made. The cash raised on the watch, and the proceeds of the wager, are staked on a game of skittles, and lost to the consumptive man, and greenhorn is left without a shilling.

Then "a thought struck him" that he "had been done,"—and so he had been—thoroughly. But during the whole process he never suspected his danger; to the last moment he believed "all three to be respectable," and "considered the florid man a flat;" and out of a flat with a roll of bank-notes in his pocket something might be made; so in seeking a little wool the victim was shorn!

It is a very old trick all this, nearly as old as ring-dropping. The details vary, but the main incidents are always the same; and the success of this class of sharpers is something amazing. It could only be done by first-rate acting; so good is it that a canny Yorkshireman, who was thus cheated of £150 the other day, was blinded by it, and when giving evidence of his loss actually enjoyed the affair as a joke, and laughed immensely, though it was at his own expense. He could afford the money, it seemed, and the "whole thing was so cleverly done!" No professional actor ever received such a tribute to his powers. Truly, this perpetually-repeated drama of the streets is a proof how much misapplied talent is floating loose upon the world!

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

AUSTRALIA.

Most interesting despatches have just been forwarded to the Geographical Society from Adelaide. The possibility of traversing the continent has hitherto been a matter of doubt, but the problem has, by one daring venture, been almost solved, and a communication from north to south established. To Mr. Macdougall Stuart must be awarded the praise, assisted, as he has been, by his warm supporters, Messrs. Chambers and Finke. Mr. Stuart accompanied Captain Sturt, in 1836, on his remarkable expedition to the centre of the continent, and has since that time performed several hardy explorations into the interior;* but in March last, with only two companions, he left Adelaide,—to which place, after an absence of many months, he has lately returned in safety.

During this almost unexampled exploration, the party has experienced great hardships, from want of water, and from the hostility of the natives, by whom he was obliged at last to retrace his steps towards the south. These

* In 1859, Mr. Stuart returned to Adelaide, after having reached longitude 135°, latitude 27°,—a distance 90 miles beyond the farthest point reached by Major Warburton. The country improved as he proceeded, being found of alluvial soil, intersected by numerous hills varying from 100 to 150 feet in height, from the summits of which copious streams of clear water issued, and which were covered with abundant pasture.

natives are described as resembling, to a certain extent, the Malays, who are in the habit of frequenting the northern coast of Australia in search of "trepan." The party reached latitude 18° 47', and longitude 134°, their farthest north being within 200 miles of the Gulf of Carpentaria on the north-east, and Cambridge Gulf on the north-west, after having traversed above 1,500 miles of route. Mr. Stuart had consequently arrived at a point about parallel with, but to the eastward of the farthest spot gained by Mr. A. C. Gregory, in 1856, in his ascent to the sources of "Stoke's" Victoria River, from the north coast.

Instead of the arid desert we have hitherto been led to believe, and as has been asserted by so able a geologist as Professor Jukes, in opposition to Colonel Gawler, the portion traversed by Mr. Stuart, was in many parts covered with fine pastures, with palms and gum-trees. The dip of the land appeared to be towards the north-east. Assisted this time by the Colonial Government with £2,500, Mr. Stuart has again started for the interior, determined to traverse the land to the north coast of the continent. The full accounts of the above expedition, with the various maps and tracings, have been despatched to Sir Roderick I. Murchison, for presentation to the Geographical Society.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.G.

On Friday, the 14th inst., at Argyll-house, London, aged 76, the Right Hon. George Hamilton Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, K.G., K.T., &c. Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Aberdeen. Referring our readers to another column for a general account of the policy and public life of the statesman so recently deceased, we shall content ourselves here with placing on record the leading facts of his life.



The eldest son of the late George Lord Haddo (who was eldest son of the third Earl of Aberdeen, but died in his father's lifetime), by Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Baird, Esq., of Newbyth, co. Haddington, he was born Jan. 28, 1784, and educated at Harrow, where he was the cotemporary of Lord Byron, and of Lords Palmerston and Ripon, and the late Sir Robert Peel,—all three in succession Premiers. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1802, and graduated M.A. in 1804. Having gone the "grand tour," which he extended by travelling into Greece, he was elected in 1806 one of the Scotch Representative Peers. In 1813 he was appointed ambassador at Vienna, and was one of the Plenipotentiaries who signed the Treaty of Paris in 1814. On the conclusion of peace he was created a British Peer, under the title of Viscount Gordon of Aberdeen in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. In January, 1828, he accepted office, under the Duke of Wellington, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a post which he exchanged a few months later for that of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but retired with his party in 1830. He held the seals of the Colonial Office during Sir R. Peel's first administration in 1834-5. On the return of Peel and his party to power in 1841, Lord Aberdeen resumed his former post at the Foreign Office, which he held till the break-up of the administration in 1846. On Sir Robert Peel's death in 1851, he became the acknowledged head of the Peelite party, and in that capacity was requested by Her Majesty to form a Ministry, on the defeat of Lord Derby and his party in December, 1852. He then formed the "Coalition Ministry," which lasted until February, 1855, when Lord Aberdeen resigned, owing to dissensions in the Cabinet, and the popular discontent at the mal-administration of the war in the Crimea, since which time he had lived in retirement. Lord Aberdeen was twice married: first, in 1805, to Catharine Elizabeth, eldest surviving daughter of John James, first Marquis of Abercorn, who died in 1812; and secondly, in 1815, to Harriet, daughter of the Hon. John Douglas, and widow of his brother-in-law, Viscount Hamilton, and mother of the present Marquis of Abercorn, by whom (who died in 1833), he has four sons, all surviving—Lord Haddo, M.P. for Aberdeenshire, who succeeds to the title; the Hon. Col. Alexander Gordon, C.B., Deputy Quartermaster General, and extra Equerry to H.R.H. the Prince Consort; the Hon. and Rev. Douglas Gordon, Canon of Salisbury, formerly Rector of Stanmore, Middlesex, and of Earlsgriff, co. Tyrone; and the Hon. Arthur Gordon, who was, for a short time, M.P. for Beverley. There are two points in the public career of Lord Aberdeen, which we shall place on record here, as they seem to have escaped the notice of all the British press in their recent obituary notices. In the first place, though at the head of a "Coalition" Government, the unity of which might have been immensely increased by a judicious distribution of political prizes in the shape of coronets, Lord Aberdeen did not create a single peer during his tenure of office; and secondly, we have the best authority for asserting, that in 1845, when Sir Robert Peel had failed, it was Lord Aberdeen, who, by his personal influence and authority, succeeded in obtaining Her Majesty's most gracious consent to the proposed repeal of the existing Corn Laws.

SIR T. D. LEGARD, BART.

On Monday, the 10th inst., aged 67, Sir Thomas Digby Legard, Bart., of Ganton, near Malton, co. York. The deceased baronet was the elder of the two sons of the late Sir Thomas Legard, Bart., Commander R.N., by his wife, Sarah, daughter of — Bishop, Esq., and was born May 30, 1803. He was educated as a Gentleman Commoner, at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1824. He succeeded to the title on his father's death in July, 1830. The late Baronet, who was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Yorkshire, married, in 1832, the



Hon. Frances Duncombe, daughter of Charles, late Lord Feversham (by Lady Charlotte Legge, only daughter of William, second Earl of Dartmouth), and sister of the present peer, by whom he has surviving issue three sons and a daughter, besides five daughters who died young. The title, which was created in 1660, devolves on his eldest son, Francis Digby, ninth baronet, who was born in 1833. The first baronet was John Legard, Esq., the representative of an ancient Norman family, who represented Scarborough in Parliament, and was among the first of those gentlemen who, on General Lambert's Republican intentions being openly

avowed, embodied themselves under the command of Lord Fairfax, and surprised York, in order to facilitate the march of General Monk (afterwards Duke of Albemarle) out of Scotland. The Legard family are widely connected among the "County Families" of the North of England, including the Creykes of Marton, the Grimstons of Grimston Garth, the Willoughbys of Birdsall, &c.

SIR H. DAVISON.

On Sunday, Nov. 4, at Octabund, East Indies, from an attack of dropsy, aged 52, Sir Henry Davison, Chief Justice of Bombay. He was a son of Mr. J. Davison, formerly one of the proprietors of the *John Bull* newspaper, and was born in 1808. The deceased judge entered Trinity College, Oxford, at the usual age. He was elected scholar of his college, and graduated B.A. in Trinity Term, 1829. He proceeded to the degree of M.A. in 1834, and in the same year was called to the bar at the Inner Temple, and for several years went the Welsh and Chester circuits. In November, 1856, he was appointed a puisne judge at Madras, from whence he was promoted in February, 1858, to the exalted position which he held at the time of his decease.

SIR G. CARROLL.

Suddenly, on Tuesday, December 18th, at his residence, Loughton, Essex, Alderman Sir George Carroll, Knt., aged 76. The deceased gentleman was originally a stockbroker in London, and served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex, conjointly with Sir M. Montefiore, in 1837, the year of Her Majesty's accession to the throne, when he received the honour of knighthood. On the 23rd of December, 1839, on the death of Mr. Alderman Birch, he was elected Alderman for the ward of Candlewick, an office which he held till his death. He filled the post of Lord Mayor of London in 1846-7, and for many years took a leading part in the affairs of the corporation of London. Sir George Carroll was married and has left issue.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Walter Coulson, Esq., Q.C., the eminent Parliamentary Counsel and Draughtsman to the Home Office, died at his residence, North-bank, St. John's Wood, on the 21st of November last, aged 65. His will bears date the 1st of September last, and was proved in the London Court of Probate, on the 14th of this month. The executors nominated are Arthur John Wood, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister, William Coulson, Esq. (the testator's brother), of Chester-terrace, Regent's Park, and Kenegie, Cornwall, and his two nephews, the Rev. Thomas Borlase Coulson, M.A., and Walter John Coulson, Esq., Surgeon. Probate was granted to Mr. Wood and Mr. William Coulson, the acting executors. The personal property was sworn under £12,000. The testator has disposed of his estate both real and personal, as follows. He devises his landed estates situated in the counties of Kent and Norfolk, and elsewhere, to his brother for life, and he also takes a life-interest in the residue of the personal estate; and at his decease the property will devolve to the testator's two nephews, to each of whom he has left annuities of £150; also a very liberal annuity to his housekeeper, to whom he likewise leaves a legacy of £500. To Mr. Wood, his executor, he has given the sum of £200, and the whole of his law library. The will is brief, well drawn, and clearly expressed. The attesting witnesses are James Pooley, Esq., and William Reynolds, Esq., both of Lincoln's-inn-fields, Solicitors. [We beg to refer our readers to a memoir of this amiable and distinguished man in No. 22 of this journal, under the title "Men of Mark."]

The Right Rev. Henry Pepys, D.D., Lord Bishop of Worcester, who died at his episcopal residence, Hartlebury Castle, Stourport, on the 13th of November last, at the age of 78, had executed his will in 1852, and to which he added two codicils, dated respectively in 1854 and 1859. He appointed as executors his two sons, Philip Henry Pepys, Esq., Chancellor of the diocese of Worcester, and the Rev. Herbert George Pepys, M.A., Vicar of Grimley. Probate of the will was granted by the London court on the 14th of the present month, to his eldest son, Philip, the acting executor, who has sworn to the personal property as under £50,000. This consists of sums of money invested in mortgages, shares, and policies in the Law, Clergy, Mutual, and University Life Assurance Offices, and shares in railways and canal companies. The bishop has bequeathed to his relict, who is a daughter of the Right Hon. John Sullivan, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, a life-interest in his property, which, on her decease, is to be distributed amongst his two sons and two daughters, in specific amounts, the elder son taking the residue. To his younger son he has bestowed his works on divinity, together with his sermons and manuscripts. The bishop's two daughters are married to clergymen; the eldest is the wife of the Rev. Edward Winington Ingram, Rector of Stanford-on-Teme, Worcestershire, and the youngest is the wife of the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton, M.A., Honorary Canon of Worcester and Rector of Hagley, the brother of Lord Lyttelton. This venerable prelate held the see of Worcester from the year 1841, and is succeeded in the bishopric by Dr. Philpott, D.D., Canon of Norwich, and Master of St. Katherine's College, Cambridge, and who is Chaplain to H.R.H. the Prince Consort.

The Right Hon. Louisa, Countess Dowager of Craven, who died at the family seat, Hamstead Lodge, Hamstead-Marshall, Berks, on the 27th of August last, at the age of 78, made her will several years ago, appointing her son, the present earl, sole executor, who proved the same in the Provincial Registry on the 17th of this month, the personal property being sworn under £8,000. As the will is exceedingly brief, and its disposition confined to her ladyship's two sons, we give it entire. "This is the last will of me, Louisa, Dowager Countess of Craven. I give to my youngest son, Frederick Keppel Craven, the sum of £500, and I give the remainder of my property and effects whatsoever to my eldest son, the Earl of Craven, and appoint him sole executor. In witness, &c. Dated 17th Nov., 1845. Signed, LOUISA CRAVEN. Witnesses, T. H. Bathurst and James S. Wickens." This lady, in early life, dedicated her talents to the stage: she was a performer in light comedies and drama, and by her pleasing manner and truthful delineation, she became a very popular favourite at that period. In 1807 she married the Earl of Craven, and by the refinement and ease of her manners, the elegance and dignity of her deportment, and amiable disposition, she eminently graced that sphere to which she was elevated.

The Hon. Sir Henry Davison, Knt., late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Madras, and who died at Ootacamund, in the East-Indies, on the 4th of November last, had made his will in the year 1858, which is entirely in his own handwriting, and is comprised in a very few words, giving the whole of the property to his daughter. It is in words to this effect:—"Bombay, 30 June,

1858. I hereby bequeath all my property to my friend James Clay, Esq., M.P. for Hull, in trust to pay my debts, and apply any surplus in such manner as he may think best for the benefit of my daughter Emily now at Mad. Tellenloeh's school at Kensington." The attesting witnesses are Edward Yardley, barrister, of Bombay, and Henry Gamble (Sir Henry's clerk). Probate was granted by the London Court, on the 15th of this month, to James Clay, Esq., M.P., the executor, according to the tenor of the will, there being personal property in England of the value of £3,000. It is much to be regretted that this learned judge, who was formerly a barrister of the Welsh and Chester circuit, should have enjoyed his elevation but for so very short a period, as we find that he sank into the grave at the premature age of fifty.

Vice-Admiral Isaac Hawkins Morrison, late of the Island of Jersey, who died at St. Helier, in that island, on the 16th of August last, at an advanced age, made his will in July, 1858, wherein he appointed his relict, his two sons, and his son-in-law executors. The widow has alone administered thereto, both in the Island of Jersey and in England, to whom the gallant Admiral has bequeathed his entire property. The instrument is witnessed by the Rev. Edward Yevill, Incumbent of St. Luke's, Jersey, and Captain Richard Stuart, R.N. This brave and venerable admiral passed a long period in the service of his country, and distinguished himself in several gallant and spirited encounters with the enemy, and, on some occasions, had to contend with fearful odds. He was created Vice-Admiral on the 21st of October, 1856.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Josiah Wedgwood, late of the Scots Fusilier Guards, died at his residence at Tenby, in Pembrokeshire, on the 7th November last, at the age of 62, having left a will bearing date in the year 1847, which was very short, and in the colonel's own handwriting; in which he had bequeathed the whole of his property to his wife, and appointed her sole executrix; but she having died previously to the testator, and there being no issue of the marriage, letters of administration, with the will annexed, were granted by the London Court to his brother, the Rev. Robert Wedgwood, Rector of Dumbleton, Gloucestershire, as the nearest relative. The personal estate was sworn under £9,000. This gallant officer shared in the dangers of the battle of Waterloo, at the early age of seventeen. The colonel was attached to that noble and distinguished regiment the Scots Fusilier Guards, but was on the list of retired officers. He attained his present rank in 1830.

Reviews of Books.

ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.*

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

"CAN you recommend me a good English Dictionary?" is a question constantly put to people who are supposed to be authorities on such subjects. The vagueness of the question undoubtedly shows how much the querist stands in need of the sort of information dictionaries are presumed to contain. It would be just as definite to ask for a recommendation of a good house without affording any clue to the desiderated size or situation, or dropping a hint about rent. What is meant by a good English dictionary? You will probably be told that it means a really useful dictionary. But "useful" brings you no nearer to the particular kind of dictionary required than "good." All dictionaries are useful in their kind; and the question here is, what kind of dictionary is implied under the misty term "good." If you say of a man that he wore a good hat, the only idea you convey is, that his hat was in sound condition; but, so far as we are helped by the description, it might be any fashion of hat under the sun—from a Sombrero to a Monmouth cock. Strict definitions are essential to a right understanding of things. No man can think accurately who does not take pains to express himself accurately.

It might be inferred from the frequency of this inquiry after a good English dictionary, that it was an article with which we are ill supplied. The contrary is the fact. We have before us a Catalogue of Dictionaries, that displays an amount of industry and research in this department of literature which, we suspect, no other language can rival. Independently of a numerous brood of minor compilations and miniature compendiums for the satchels of school-boys, the pockets of adults, and the carpet-bags of travellers, there are here no less than a hundred and twenty-four English dictionaries of words, exclusive of the three whose titles we quote at foot; thirty-two American dictionaries of the English language; forty-nine English glossaries; seven Scottish dictionaries and glossaries; twenty etymological dictionaries; four Saxon and Anglo-Saxon dictionaries; eleven works on synonyms; twenty-two theological and biblical; nine law; eight military and marine; eighteen medical; eight chemical, mineralogical, &c.; and fifty-five miscellaneous dictionaries, having reference to the various arts and sciences, besides a large collection of encyclopædias and general dictionaries. Nor can there be any doubt that this list, prodigious as it is, falls short of the reality, and that our resources in this way, good, bad, and indifferent, are much more extensive than the industrious collector of these formidable details has been able to trace. Yet, notwithstanding our wealth in dictionaries, which we have been accumulating from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the present time, nobody seems to know where to look for a dictionary suited to current purposes. Not that people are embarrassed in their choice by a knowledge of the riches they possess, for the popular acquaintance with dictionaries is mainly limited to those of Johnson and Walker; but because the art of popularizing dictionaries has yet to be discovered. The fault is less in the seekers of dictionaries, who go about looking for what they can't find, than in the dictionaries which have failed to supply the want. There is doubtless little excuse for the ignorance of the public upon this matter; but there is less for the indifference with which that ignorance has been treated by the lexicographers.

It is obvious that, in proportion as our acquisitions in all branches of inquiry enlarge their bounds, the necessity for a corresponding expansion of our works of reference increases, while the difficulty of compiling them becomes more onerous and responsible. We need not go far back for an example of the rapidity with which words outstrip dictionaries. Take Walker, who published his famous critical dictionary only just before the close of the last century, and compare him with Richardson, and some notion, by no means an adequate one, may be formed

* A New Universal Etymological, Technological, and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, embracing all the Terms used in Science, Literature, and Art. 2 vols. By John Craig, Esq., F.G.S., Lecturer on Geology in Anderson's University, Glasgow. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. 1859.

A Universal Critical and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language: including Scientific Terms, compiled from the Materials of Noah Webster, LL.D. By Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D. New Edition. London: G. Bohn. 1860.

A Dictionary of the English Language. By Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D. London: Sampson, Low, & Company. Boston; Hickling, Swan, & Brewer.

of the vast region of knowledge we have conquered in the interval. We go on, in fact, gathering sheaves faster than we can bind them; and under our present comprehensive system of dealing with language, we should re-edit and amplify our dictionaries at least once a year, with the almanacs. The great world of mere readers, and writers, and talkers, cannot, by any straining of their faculties, keep up with these gigantic strides in so many different directions. They have neither time nor scholarship, neither aptitude nor occasion, to make the attempt. Much of this kind of lore is, to the bulk of mankind, more curious than intelligible; a little of it turns out sometimes to be useful to them; and a great deal of it is never of any use to them at all. The fundamental mistake which the majority of lexicographers, especially the ablest and most erudite, have committed in the construction of dictionaries is, that they have totally overlooked these elementary conditions. A dictionary which is designed for popular circulation, should be adapted to popular wants. The proposition is self-evident; but some explanation is nevertheless requisite to develop its full importance.

Language embraces the whole range of human intelligence. When it is remembered that every articulation of our present life, and all our aspirations of a future, every operation of the mind, every function of the body, every object in nature, and every principle, power, and constituent brought to light in the pursuit of the arts and sciences, together with all the crafts, trades, and professions, connected with them, are interpreted in words, and that these again are broken up and modified, compounded and contracted, with a view to express not only the ever-increasing multiplicity of shades of meaning which arise from altered and altering circumstances, but the new facts, and suggestions of facts, which are in course of constant discovery, the magnitude of an undertaking which proposes to collect into one view, within the compass of a single work, the whole resources of a language will at once become apparent. Nor is the province of such a work confined to an exposition of the variety of uses of which language is susceptible, and the endless affinities and collateral forms through which its more subtle significations must be followed. There are other aspects in which it is indispensable to the completeness of the record that words should be carefully studied. It should never be forgotten that in addition to its value as the great agent of intercourse in the conduct of the business of life, language is also the most important and instructive historical monument. Other monuments may perish. Palaces may crumble into dust; and all the landmarks of barbaric grandeur or early civilization may be swept from the face of the earth. But the language of a people is indestructible. Modern corruptions may change its primitive modes, and foreign innovations may ultimately displace it altogether; but it will still survive in those permanent characters of print, which caprice cannot debase, nor invasion obliterate. In these infallible chronicles of a nation's progress, we trace the true footprints of history. We discern in the rudiments of a language the derivation and incipient movements of the race who spoke it; and in its gradual and irregular extension their checkered career. Our own language furnishes a familiar illustration. The whole fabric reposes upon an Anglo-Saxon foundation, while the superstructure is variegated, chiefly French; hence, inasmuch as the supply of wants precedes the indulgence in luxuries, we take the entire of that class of words which relates to the utilities of life—the household, the farm, and the daily usages—from the Anglo-Saxon; all our decorative words coming for the most part from the French. A close survey of the language will be found to throw a broader and steadier light upon the course of these international relations, and the growth of laws and institutions, social characteristics and popular customs, than any other authority we possess. The origin of words, therefore, should form an object of the highest interest to the lexicographer, and, in intimate connection with it, their lineal orthography, kept pure from the capricious mutations of time.

We have barely indicated the more prominent aims which are embraced in the labours of the learned compilers of dictionaries. The reader will have no difficulty in taking a wider circuit. When he has settled down to the quiet contemplation of the masses of knowledge which must be accumulated, systematized, labelled, and expounded, of the remote fields of erudition which must be traversed in search of the springs, history, and primitive significations of words, and the almost boundless industry which is demanded by the chase of authoritative examples, he may then begin to form a slow conception of what manner of work that would be which should fulfil all the requirements of a consummate dictionary. It should present a complete anatomy of the etymology of the language, following up its various changes and significations; an accurate collection of all scientific, artistic, and technological terms; all words, and peculiar forms and uses of words, that belong to special classes, or pursuits; theological and biblical terms; synonyms should be grouped and investigated; obsolete words and archaisms strictly preserved; provincialisms and Americanisms pointed out; slang and cant words, past and present, should be given as having a direct bearing upon the abuses, and lower uses of the language; orthoepy and orthography should be minutely investigated, and placed as far as possible on a fixed basis; and the whole, including sundry features which we have not touched, should be lighted up by illustrative examples from the great writers of all times, in every branch of science and literature. Having mastered the conception of this Titanic design, the student will begin to make a rough estimate of the probable extent its execution would occupy. How many huge quartos does he suppose would be required for the accommodation of a comprehensive scheme in which all philological questions were to be solved? We can, of course, only speculate on the unknown by the quantity of the known, and if we might venture to tap such a problem, we should be disposed to set down the work at any number of quarto volumes fluctuating between ten and twenty. The dictionary would swell to the dimensions of an Encyclopædia. The larger it would become, the nearer it would be brought to perfection. And this recalls us to the immediate point under consideration. The larger and more perfect it would become in the encyclopædic sense, the more absolutely useless it would be to the public in general.

That such a work is wanted, and that it would be of inestimable value to students, is plain enough; but that no one man could execute it is equally certain. It should be undertaken, like the dictionary of the French Academy, either under the auspices of Government, or of a literary body, and the various divisions should be distributed amongst the most competent philologists and men of letters. Whether the work now in contemplation rather, we believe, than in actual progress, upon which some distinguished scholars are understood to be engaged, will ever be accomplished, or whether, if accomplished, it will realize the plan we have outlined, is, we think, doubtful; but upon that point we are not justified in hazarding a conjecture, as the scope of the project, we have heard, is yet undetermined. At all events, we have no dictionary at present that embraces all the features we have indicated; although we have some that profess to make the whole round of philological research. For example, it is not an uncommon thing to find the compendious word "universal" on the title-page of a dictionary. It occurs in two of the three works to which we shall have occasion to refer more in detail presently. The authors of these publications may, possibly, mean to imply nothing more than that their books are adapted for universal circulation; but the impression most likely to be made upon the public is that they contain everything

that relates to the class of subjects of which they treat. Whoever hopes, however, to find any expectation of that nature fulfilled in their crowded pages, will be grievously disappointed.

The difficulty of finding what most people really want when they ask for what they call a "good" English dictionary, arises from the fact that no work exists of the kind exactly suited to their want. There are scores of dictionaries extant, all good, more or less, in their way, but none precisely adapted to hit the popular exigency. They either attempt too much, or achieve too little. They go beyond what is required, or fall short of it. Imperfect and unsatisfactory as works of research, and not sufficiently copious or explanatory for practical purposes, they just contrive to miss the happy mean. A reform in the entire department of dictionary-making is becoming every day more and more imperative; and, perhaps, the best way to effect it would be to resolve into their elements the particulars of which dictionaries are composed, and re-distribute them into independent divisions of a great whole. As the accumulations of words are rapidly outgrowing the reasonable compass within which a dictionary, to be generally accessible, should be restrained; and as it is indispensable at the same time that the study of all branches of philology should continue to be cultivated with a fulness commensurate to their increasing interest, the only course left is to devise a system that shall at once supply us with a popular dictionary, relieved from the incumbrance of superfluous erudition, and insure ample investigation into the various heads of record and criticism, separately considered. If such a system were determined upon, it might be put into operation by an infinitely simpler machinery than any at present applied to the ordinary labours of a dictionary, nothing more being necessary than to adopt the principle of a division of labour. Let etymology, for instance, have a dictionary to itself. We are tracing out new derivations perpetually, and, from the limits imposed upon etymological research by the multitude of other matters dictionaries in general are expected to embrace, the subject has never received the amount of attention its importance demands. Let obsolete words also be relegated to a dictionary of their own; or, if not found too cumbrous, thrown into an appendix. An archaic dictionary, of which we have already two excellent specimens, would be a valuable companion to the old writers, from the age of Wycliffe down. Dialects and provincialisms might, with great advantage, form a separate publication; synonyms, hitherto inspected only in fragments, might for the first time receive complete and exclusive consideration; and a volume of authorities, illustrating the various uses of words at different periods, would be a contribution of inestimable value to the philological library. Technical terms, and the special language of the arts and sciences, would furnish, in like manner, abundant materials for distinct vocabularies.

Thus relieved of a number of topics which at present engross so much space as to bewilder the lexicographer in his endeavours to do justice to them all, the dictionary might be rendered complete in those features upon which the community at large require information, without being too bulky or too costly, or without being laden with a display of learning, which they have not leisure to digest. The main objects—indeed we might, perhaps, say the only objects—essential to the perfection of a popular dictionary, may all be included under three heads: Signification, Orthoepy, and Orthography. Words should be succinctly, but lucidly explained. The broad distinction should be always kept in view between Definition and Explanation. It is no part of the business of a dictionary to enter into definitions; but the explanations should be full, direct, and exhaustive. Strictly and scientifically speaking, no word has more than one meaning; but usage and habitual deviations from the root have given to every word several meanings, sometimes differing widely from each other. These should be carefully presented. There is no part of the function of a dictionary which demands more scrupulous exactitude than that of pointing out the various senses in which words may be applied, and of distinguishing between what may be regarded as primary and secondary significations. Dictionaries are usually so heavily weighted with other details, that sufficient space, or care, has never, perhaps, been bestowed upon this elementary department; at all events, room and justification would be gained for bestowing increased diligence upon it, when it is made the paramount aim of the book. Pronunciation, one of the most delicate labours of the philologist, is one of the most important to the student. The ultimate aim of a popular dictionary, should be to fix the proper pronunciation, as far as possible. The reader who consults such a work as a guide, comes to be instructed, not to be plunged into a sea of discussions and perplexities. Authorities differ about pronunciation, as they differ about everything else; and it may often be desirable to indicate their differences, and sometimes impossible to decide them; but the final purpose should be to fix the pronunciation generally, so as to remove it out of the region of dispute. A standard is essential to the maintenance of certainty; and certainty is the anchor without which the ship may go adrift. We must be arbitrary in the matter of language, if we would preserve its purity. The same observations apply with even greater force to orthography. Here we are less dependent upon caprice, and have a clearer right to insist upon obedience to laws. In the orthography of words we have the lineaments which always mark the race to which they belong. Throughout the region of vowels, the affixes and prefixes, the gutturals, and the employment of the consonants, we may track the origin of the word. Fashion, which has no respect for institutions, frequently interferes with these historic signs; but it is the high province of the lexicographer to maintain the forms which register the descent, the arms and quarterings, of the language.

A compendium confined to these three objects, supplying clearly and fully the practical information which most people want—that is to say, the meaning, pronunciation, and spelling of words, drawn from the best authorities, and based upon the principle of fixing a standard throughout—would fulfil all the literary conditions of a popular dictionary. But there are other requirements which it would be indispensable to comply with also. It is not enough that such a work should be carefully compiled, and adapted to the capacity of the widest circle of readers. It must, likewise, be available to them. It must not be unwieldy or unaccommodating. It must be compact, and easy of access and reference. Above all things, it must not be so large as that it cannot be readily consulted, or so heavy as to inspire a fear that its binding will become detached from the ponderous body of leaves every time you open it. The editor should bear in mind, as a golden maxim, that in proportion as a dictionary gains in bulk it loses in utility. When such a production appears as that which we have sketched, we shall not find so many people asking if you can recommend them a good dictionary, nor will it be so difficult to answer the question.

CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY.*

Books of the peerage, baronetage, and knighthood superabound. They are published in a variety of forms, and useful books they are, crammed with very

* A Dictionary of Contemporary Biography: a Handbook of the Peerage of Rank, Wealth, and Intellect, containing Memoirs of nearly One Thousand eminent Living Individuals. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin & Co., Publishers to the University of Glasgow. 1861.

dry reading, because dealing for the most part with incidents that are in themselves insipid. There is, however, a peerage, baronetage, and knightage of another description, in which all lovers of their kind are deeply interested—it is the peerage of intellect, the baronetage of talent, the knighthood of virtue; and so it has long since been declared to be by Juvenal, when he affirmed “there is only one real and true nobility, and that—virtue.”

“Nobilitas sola est et unica virtus.”

It is a Peerage Book of this genuine nobility that Messrs. Griffin & Co. have published, and entitled it “A Dictionary of Contemporary Biography.” Here is an account given of nearly one thousand living worthies, who have become known by some eminent gift, or quality, or series of achievements, either in science, war, art, or literature, making themselves, in their respective spheres, locally or universally useful to their generation, and winning by deeds the applause of their fellow-men. This is a book of “the Men of Mark” of the present time. Here is to be found a true account of persons whose names appear most frequently before the public, and respecting whose antecedents there is a natural—it might be even termed a laudable desire to learn some authentic particulars.

“A Dictionary of Contemporary Biography” is not expected to be like “A Calendar of Saints,” and no names enrolled in it but of persons conspicuous for their piety, and whose goodness and virtues are universally acknowledged. Here are the names of all persons, parties, countries, and sects; and though there may be individuals found who think some whose lives are here written either worthless or wicked, still the compilers of the Dictionary may justly affirm that there is not a single name of man or woman introduced into their list but belongs to one who has either his or her admirers in some part of the world.

One of the features of “The Dictionary of Contemporary Biography” that has most attracted our admiration, and that entitles it, as we conceive, to favour, is the kindly, generous, and impartial tone in which it is written. English, Scotch, French, Germans, Italians, Americans, are all treated with the same amicable, philanthropic, and cosmopolitan spirit, their peculiar claims to notice or distinction fully stated, and their biography set forth in that manner which, without the smallest sacrifice of truth, is calculated to render them most favourably known to all previously unacquainted with them.

The compilers state that, in preparing this “dictionary,” they have had recourse to all available general, as well as special sources of information, and that they have sought to verify facts by directly communicating with the parties themselves whose names were about to be included in their work. We believe that in the production of “The Biographical Dictionary” but one sentiment animated all engaged in it—that they desired to produce none other than “a trustworthy work,” and, so far as they have gone, they have—with a single exception, to which we shall presently advert—fully succeeded.

They have, so far as it goes, produced a useful book, but it is at the same time, considering the fair intentions and honest endeavours both of publishers and compilers a very defective work; and the main cause of its failure we suspect to be this—that there was no competent well-informed man discharging the duties of editor: that is a person capable of detecting, as may be done at a glance, where there are omissions of classes, of sects, and of individuals. Let us take as an example the newspaper-press. The names of a few are mentioned, but how many that ought to be introduced are not referred to? The oldest member of the London press, and one universally respected by all who have the pleasure of knowing him, is Mr. Murdo Young, the proprietor of the *Sum*, a gentleman who, many years ago, established a new system of reporting the debates in Parliament. His name is omitted. Mr. Kent of the same journal, an able writer and an accomplished poet—he is also omitted. There are few men more remarkable for the vivacity of their style, for wit, for humour, and for profound classical knowledge, than the Rev. Mr. Mahony, the celebrated “Father Prout,” well known for his connection with the *Globe*. He is omitted. There is no mention of Mr. Francis, late editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and for some years a constant contributor to *Fraser*. Then there is Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, formerly the editor of the *Daily News*, previously the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, a writer in *Lardner’s Cyclopædia*, the author of a noble “History of France,” and whose well-known abilities secured for him, some years since, a literary pension. His name is omitted—and so, too, is that of his son, Mr. Joseph A. Crowe, a very clever artist, and able writer, consul-general for the British Crown at Leipzig. Then, coming to the *Daily Telegraph*, we find not the slightest mention made of J. A. St. John, the author of “A History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece,” and who is now engaged with a “History of England.” He is omitted, and so, too, are the other members of his family, although they hold a substantial position in connection with literature. But when we come to the *Times*, the names omitted are numerous. We shall but specify a few;—Mr. Mowbray Morris, the manager, one of the guiding spirits of that great organ of public opinion. And then the writers of those magnificent essays on various subjects—the “leaders” of the *Times*. We do not find fault with the compilers of “The Biographical Dictionary” that they have not sought to penetrate the mystery in which “the leader-writers of the *Times*” desire to enshroud themselves. But there are others whose names cannot be so well concealed,—viz., gentlemen who are known as correspondents, such as Mr. O’Meagher, or as Mr. Woods (who accompanied the Prince of Wales on his visit to Canada), who has written a book on the Crimean War, and won admiration by many masterly compositions,—such as the voyage of the *Agamemnon*, when laden with the Atlantic telegraph cable, and of the perilous position of the *Great Eastern* in the frightful night-storm when the *Royal Charter* was wrecked on the Welsh coast; Mr. Wingrove Cooke, who was with the expedition in China, and has since published a work on the same subject; Mr. Filmore, the author of a noble translation of “Faust,” the correspondent of the *Times* in the Schleswig-Holstein war, and afterwards in Australia and the United States; and many others are omitted from a list, in which it is to be supposed that recognized ability and proved talent should entitle them to hold a place.

But we pass from the press, although the names of others occur to us; and we ask why are Mrs. Linton and Mrs. Percy Sinnett omitted? or why such an able antiquarian as Mr. Turnbull? or why the ablest of recent commentators on Shakspeare, Mr. Staunton? We find no mention made of Sir Cusack Roney, who has had so much to do with the extension of railway communication in Wales, in Ireland, and in Canada, and whose name is for ever to be identified with the greatest railway undertaking in existence—the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Why, too, is there no mention of the Rev. Dr. Faber, of the Oratory—a remarkable man, presiding over the most extraordinary Roman Catholic institution in London, because it is a community composed for the most part of Roman Catholic priests who had formerly been members of the Established Church.

And now we come to that portion of “The Biographical Dictionary,” which most shows the want of an intelligent and well-informed editor. So far as “Ireland and the Irish” are concerned, it sins both in “omission and commission.” It omits whole classes—orators, scholars, writers, antiquarians, artists. It even treats Irish lords and commoners with contempt. There are, for instance, many able men and gifted writers amongst the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin.

We shall refer but to two of them—the Rev. Dr. Todd, and the Rev. Mr. Galbraith. If the first had done nothing in literature beyond those labours by which he is so well known in connection with Irish manuscripts and Irish antiquities, his name should not have been omitted. As to the Rev. Mr. Galbraith, the results of his labours have made themselves known and felt in London. It is owing mainly to him that the students of Trinity College, Dublin, have carried off so many prizes from all other colleges, at the competitive examinations of the East-India Company. And then there may be mentioned in connection with the Royal Irish Academy three other names—Dr. Donovan, the editor of “The Annals of the Four Masters;” Eugene Curry, the marvellous decipherer of ancient Irish manuscripts; and George Petrie, the author of a book on “The Round Towers,” which first settled a long-disputed question, the mystery insoluble to all previous investigators. In such a work as “The Biographical Dictionary,” the names of the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, the president of Maynooth College, and Dr. Callan, ought not to have been omitted; for the first is a gentleman who has written and translated many books very popular in the sister country, and the other has made important discoveries, the value of which have been recognized by scientific men on the continent.

There is no mention made of Scotchmen settled in Ireland. Not the slightest reference to that good man who, by purchasing immense tracts of land in Connaught, and introducing a new system in his mode of dealing with labourers, has given the best example to Irish landlords, and produced the happiest of social revolutions in an entire district of the country. Neither is there any reference made to that able and accomplished gentleman, Mr. Alexander Thom, the editor of *Thom’s Directory*, the head of the Government printing-office, the printer of the national school-books, a man who has made a large fortune, and who possesses the love, admiration, and respect of the people in the midst of whom he is settled. Scotland has sent many worthy men to Ireland, but none more worthy than Alexander Thom. Why, it may be asked, is there no mention made of George Alexander Hamilton, the Secretary to the Treasury, an accomplished scholar and an able statesman? Was it in charity that the name of one so much talked of in the Crimean war as the Earl of Lucan was omitted? Lord Cardigan finds a place in “The Biographical Dictionary,” but his brother-in-law is omitted—the illustrious commander of the cavalry, in obedience to whose orders the 11th Hussars took their “death-ride at Balaklava.” But why not mention, as the representative of the wealth and commercial enterprise of Ireland, Mr. John Ennis, M.P., the late governor of the Bank of Ireland. Why omit an M.P. like Mr. More O’Farrell, the representative for some years of the British Crown in one of its foreign dependencies. Why, too, omit as representatives of the press Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P., and Mr. McMahon? But why omit Richard Robert Madden, a gentleman whose name is not only honourably connected with literature, but who has in all parts of the world proved, even at the risk of his life, his devotion to the cause of negro emancipation?

Here we must close. The publishers desire to have errors pointed out to them. We have in part complied with their request. For what they have done they are entitled to the public gratitude, and we hope their exertions may be rewarded by the speedy sale of the first edition of “Contemporary Biography,” and the call for a new one, in which all prominent sins of omission may be atoned for.

KINGSLEY ON SCIENCE AND HISTORY.*

THE meaning of the word history, without any qualification, is our knowledge of the human family; the meaning of the word science, is knowledge systematically arranged; and as history embraces and includes man’s progress in all knowledge—in that of the stars, or astronomy, as well as in that of society—they are not antithetical. Mr. Kingsley, consequently, by the title of his present work, arouses suspicion that he has not mastered the subject he ambitiously and unnecessarily discusses, nor reflected very deeply on the difference and distinction between exact science and history. On reading the book the suspicion is confirmed, till the conclusion is forced on us that Mr. Kingsley has hastily snatched up a subject, and resolved to lecture on it, without previous knowledge or due consideration. We say this designedly; for the chief principle of the lecture is the denial of inevitability in human affairs, which is the practical delusion of every criminal. Mr. Kingsley cannot possibly mean to undermine all morality.

Almost at the commencement of his lecture he says:—

“If any of you should ask me how to study history, I should answer—Take by all means biographies—wheresoever possible biographies; and study them. Fill your minds with live human figures: men of like passions as yourselves; see how each lived and worked in the time and place in which God put him. . . . I am free to confess that what I have learnt and what little I know of the Middle Ages, what they were like, and how they came to be what they were, and how they issued in the Reformation, not so much from the study of the books about them (many and wise though they were), as from the thumbing over for years the semi-mythical saints’ lives of Surius and the Bollandists.”

Now, as the rule, biographies, especially the lives of semi-mythical saints, are the histories of singular individuals—men who, in some way or another, stand out as exceptions to the average men and manners of the period. They are written because the men were extraordinary; and those who study only or chiefly such books, must form exaggerated or distorted views of the average men amongst whom the saints lived. Biographies are not to be neglected by the students of history; they are important parts of the whole; but much of the real instruction we derive from them is incidental, and often consists in something not expressly narrated. From studying chiefly biographies, Mr. Kingsley ascribes the progress of society to men of genius, and sneers somewhat at “the inevitable laws” which determine “the continuous progress of the human mind.”

“Laws there are,” he admits, “but they are beyond us; . . . and great Nature, just as we fancy we have found out her secret, will smile in our faces as she brings into the world a man the like of whom we have never seen, and cannot explain, define, classify—in one word, a genius.”

If it were true that the progress of the whole “colossal” human mind depended solely and exclusively, as it does in part, on men of genius, and they were born at intervals, that would indicate a law which, by continuous and careful observation, we might hope to discover. The instance then does not support Mr. Kingsley’s conclusion. But, in fact, men of genius, instead of being unlike other men, resemble them in all things except in their genius. Moreover they can only, whatever their genius, affect or influence other men by resembling them. Shakspeare’s imaginations resembled those of the individuals he described, and so his descriptions were reflected back, and comprehended by the world they influenced. It required a general progress in knowledge to enable the bulk of society to comprehend the discoveries and genius of Newton, but he resembled all the men of his age, of previous and of succeeding ages, infinitely more than he differed from them. His whole being, except on one point, was like theirs. We may safely

* The Limits of Exact Science, as applied to History. An Inaugural Lecture, delivered before the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, M.A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, &c. Macmillan & Co., Cambridge, and Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

conclude, too, had Bacon not "changed the thoughts and habits of millions," though he himself was but one of them, and was scarcely understood till our own times, that the genius of Newton could not have come into existence. His peculiar disposition was ripened into fruitfulness by the study of what other men, including those who lived between Bacon and himself, had thought, written, said, and done.

On the principle of genius being above law, Mr. Kingsley ascribes the Reformation to Luther, a person, it must be admitted, different "from the average of Augustine monks," but not the exclusive author of the "change in the thoughts and habits of millions," of which the alteration in the ecclesiastical government of some countries was the consequence. Luther bore a foremost and a great part in bringing about this peculiar change, but Wycliffe and Huss had gone before him. America, too, had been discovered, trade had expanded, a middle class had grown up in every town of Europe, great astronomical, meteorological, and geographical discoveries had been made, and the knowledge of all these was diffused by printing. Of that general enlightenment, the very mind of Luther was as much a result as of his own peculiar organization. Of this Luther was sensible, for he wrote, "there never was any remarkable revelation made of the word of God, unless he prepared the way by the revival and flourishing of languages and literature." No person, in modern times, better deserves the name of a genius than James Watt, who has changed (if any man have) the thoughts and habits of millions, and been more a leader of men than Buonaparte, almost as much as Mahomet—in the end, probably, even more than he; and the mind of James Watt, of which we know pretty accurately the history, was obviously born of circumstances. Nay, it is perfectly plain, could his admirable invention have been then made in the western states of America, where the locomotive now runs, it would not have met with labour either to complete or use it, and would have been born dead. The invention was the product of the circumstances of England, to which it was adapted, and the "inventive reason of man in all ages" has itself been subjected to the general laws of which Mr. Kingsley fancies it is an interruption. Individuals are only ripples on the stream, waves on the ocean, or clouds on the sky; some may be larger or more magnificent than others, but the course of the ever-running stream, the mighty ocean, that fills more than half the globe, and the heavens, always bright and serene in which rolls the universe, excite continual and intense curiosity; and the ripples, the waves, and the clouds, noted and described, are the means of ascertaining the laws which govern them, and by which our conduct must be guided.

Mr. Kingsley says "we should be puzzled to see why a law, because it is immutable itself, should produce inevitable results." "The law of gravity is immutable enough; but do all stones inevitably fall to the ground? Certainly not, if I choose to catch one and keep it in my hand." It is plain, from several passages such as these, that Mr. Kingsley neither comprehends the meaning of the word law applied to natural phenomena, nor the means by which the knowledge of such a law is acquired. The word means only an invariable sequence, or rule, and the invariable sequence is learned by our observing the succession of phenomena. It is not a law that all stones under all circumstances should fall to the ground, or man could not build a house; but the observed tendency of stones or of apples to fall towards the centre of the earth, which we are quite as sensible of when we catch and stop one as when we see it falling, is a property of all bodies on the earth, of the earth itself in relation to the sun or some other centre of attraction, and of the sun, we believe, in relation to some still more distant centre; and this property thus ascertained is properly called the law of gravity, for it keeps all things, stones, planets, stars, in order. We only infer that the law is immutable, because its results, as far as we can trace them, are immutable; and were they not we should seek for the cause of the mutability, and when the immutable sequence was traced we should call that the law. Mr. Kingsley only stops the stone from falling by standing himself firmly on the earth, and is as much a prop to keep it up as is the pier to an arch, and both illustrate the law by their greater gravity, or pressure on the earth, overcoming the lesser gravity of the falling body; just as the greater gravity of a head of water forces the fountain into the air. Before Mr. Kingsley attempts to apply or limit the application of laws to history, he has obviously to learn what is meant in science by the word law.

The consequence of his mode of proceeding is to find human affairs "crooked, wayward, mysterious, and incalculable," rather than regular, ordained, inevitable. While observation and experience are teaching us that all the incidents of life are reducible to order, like the changes in the atmosphere, of which we may, and most probably shall, in the end by experience find the law, Mr. Kingsley will limit his observations, and limit history only to a few extraordinary phenomena. But such phenomena are like storms and volcanoes which distract and terrify too much to allow of calm induction, and we have not yet discovered all the laws which regulate changes in temperature, in the winds and weather, and in the character of the seasons. Meteorologists and philosophers doubt not, and to this end they labour, that they can discover such laws. A similar effort holds good as to man and society. The phenomena both of meteorology and society are very numerous and complex; but only Mr. Kingsley, we believe, now thinks they can never be disentangled; and of late we have met with no man of reputation, except him, who would stop or pervert attempts which have already, in many cases, been attended with a great success. Whatever he may be in story-telling, in philosophy he is fainthearted and desponds, where less gifted men hope on and labour on, cheered by a prospect of success.

Mr. Kingsley uses the phrase frequently, and sneeringly, to condemn it—"that man is the puppet of material circumstances." Who may first have used such a phrase we know not; but "material circumstances" are words of large meaning, and include sunshine and rain, include climate and seasons, include the properties of metals and of plants, and the physical qualities at least—for the body is the means of communication between minds—if not all the mental qualities and affections of human beings. Moreover it cannot be denied, whatever may be the influence of the imagination in leading men to facts, that all knowledge, even the most abstruse, is founded on observation of material circumstances, and in the last resort is ever corrected by them. To say that even the mind of man—his arts to clothe and feed himself—his skill and knowledge—is the creature of material circumstances, is scarcely too much; but to say that he is the "puppet" of them, is to treat with a singular want of reverence the whole material creation and its Author. That God is known to man through his works is the result of all investigation and the creed of enlightenment. Properly does Mr. Kingsley say, "We shall find, as I believe, in all the ages God educating man, protecting him till he can go alone, furnishing him with the primary necessities, teaching him, guiding him, inspiring him." God educates man by his works, educates him, corrects him, punishes him, and rewards him, by material circumstances, or the inevitable consequences of his actions; and thus Mr. Kingsley, while professing to be more reverent than other men, most irreverently represents man as the "puppet" of God.

To treat this great subject in all its branches, irreverently thrown open for investigation by the hasty remarks of Mr. Kingsley, is for us, in our limited space, clearly impossible. We hope, however, that we have said enough of his

"inaugural lecture," without entering into the thorny path of the freedom of the will, on which he wanders much, though as little suitable to his audience as to his capacity, to satisfy our readers that he has not an adequate conception of that exact science of which he would teach the youth of Cambridge to apply the limits to history. We should not, indeed, have said so much were not the subject of great importance. Every day the conviction is forced on us that men become regular in living—eating, drinking, working, travelling, and taking recreation at stated times and in masses, as they increase in numbers and in knowledge. Every day we learn that the great and increasing multitude not only becomes more regular in its habits as it increases, but that this increase carries with it improved accommodation for all. We are not content unless it does. As regularity increases, man approximates to the regularity of the outer world. Civilization is the subjection of the whole society more and more to general laws which operate through and by the material world and the mass of mankind. To trace the operation of these general laws through the past, for they constitute the life of man, is the business of the historian as contradistinguished from the novelist and the biographer. Mr. Kingsley's principles followed out, would carry back the youth of Cambridge and the study of history, to the singularities, the crotchets, and the extravagances of individuals. He would substitute exceptions for rules, and ancient barbarism, with its rude caprices and passions, for modern refinement and modern regularity. That Mr. Kingsley's lecture abounds in eloquence, in numerous commendations of kindly, charitable, generous, and noble feelings, we need not say. Every reader will look for these qualities, and will not be disappointed. He will not expect profound thought nor precise language, and in this, too, he will not be disappointed.

WILL ADAMS.*

THE reopening of commercial relations with Japan, and the observations of intelligent travellers recently published, have suggested the composition of "a romantic biography" for Will Adams, the first Englishman who ever set foot in Japan, and who, though a simple shipman, negotiated a treaty with the Emperor Ziogoon, and so became the founder of a profitable trade between the English, Dutch, and Japanese.

The main object with the author of this book, is to convey to his readers an accurate notion of the manners and customs of the Japanese at the close of the sixteenth and commencement of the seventeenth centuries. He has endeavoured to portray, in the most vivid manner possible, the political events occurring in Japan, which led first to persecution, then to an annihilation of Christianity, previously flourishing in most of the provinces of the empire. The consequence of that persecution was the interruption, for a very long time, of all intercourse between Japan and Europe.

The "romantic biography" of Will Adams is supposed to be written by a young Fleming, described not only as being in love, but having plighted his troth with an English maiden, when he starts as a fellow-traveller with Will Adams. The latter is introduced as parting from his wife and two sons, when setting forth on his voyage to join the Dutch fleet which sailed from Texel in 1598. Will Adams is described, in the commencement of the story, as a pattern of conjugal affection; and yet, when he reaches Japan, he marries another woman, and the narrator of his life equals him in infidelity: for he too falls in love with a "Lady Mary," a princess of Japan, and as the English wife is forgotten by the hero, so is the promise made to the English maiden, and this too in a country where female virtue is described as a rare quality, and what is now designated amongst ourselves, in polite language, as "the social evil," is repeatedly referred to as the glaring, outrageous, and predominant vice of the country. The palliation for Will Adams's infidelity to his English wife, is a false report of her death; and the mitigation for the Flemish youth's violation of his plighted troth, is the marriage of his English maiden to a new lover in England during his absence. Such incidents are not calculated to make "a romantic biography" very attractive. If Will Adams really did forget both wife and children to marry the lady his friend was in love with, then such conduct can reflect no honour upon his memory. The accusation, we hope, is untrue, and the charge one, of which we trust, honest old Will Adams was in reality innocent. Another fault to be found with this fictitious narrative of Will Adams is, that the portraiture presented of him, is inconsistent with his known actions. The real Will Adams was manifestly a wise, discreet, and well-conducted man; for if he were not so, he would never have been able to win the respect and esteem of the Japanese ruler, nor would he have been moved with the patriotic impulse of seeking for, nor have so conducted himself, as finally to win a treaty of commerce for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen. According to Mr. Dalton's description of Will Adams, in the narrative of the Young Netherlander, it is the latter who is temperate, cautious, and prudent, whereas Will Adams is a British sailor of the Victoria Theatre type, rash, boisterous, noisy, incorrigible, knocking down and kicking every one he suspects to be an enemy and that comes within his reach, with no restraint upon his tongue, and no control over his actions, as impulsive and as blatant as an unlicked Young-Ireland Irishman.

The narrative of historical facts, or the conveyance of valuable information through the medium of a "romantic biography," or "novel," is a long-established and legitimate form of composition. All that is required from the constructor of such a narrative is that the characters introduced shall be consistent with the circumstances in the midst of which they are depicted. This rule is not adhered to by the narrator of "Will Adams." He speaks of the Jesuits, and of their proceedings in Japan. At one time (pp. 124-126) he accepts their statements as an incontrovertible truth, and at another (p. 143) he charges them with "misstatements." He writes at one time as an eye-witness of events, and then refers (as in p. 198) to documents published long subsequent to the same events, to show that he is relating none other than well-established facts. He is, for instance, telling of the death of a noble Japanese family,—of a mother, her two sons, the wife and child of one of the sons, and the young wife of the other, all martyred because they were Christians, and at the close of this thrilling and heart-rending narrative, and when the thoughts of the reader cannot fail to be absorbed with the moving scene that has been exhibited before him, the author pushes aside the biographer, and places himself in the front of the stage, with these words:—

"But, reader, let me take thee by the button-hole for a minute. Should any of you be so squeamish that you would rather that such terrible relations had been left out of this narrative, let me tell you that the present writer is not a maker, but a relater of sad and sober history; and, moreover, that as it is from the past of a people that their future may be guessed, I have thought it proper to give these same relations, and that, too, as they at this present stand in the Japanese's own history, and the writings of the Jesuit fathers, who have printed them in all the chief tongues of Europe. But to resume my narrative."

And then the story continues, by jumping back into the midst of the scenes, which the preceding paragraph had treated as past history.

* Will Adams, the First Englishman in Japan. A romantic biography. By William Dalton. London: A. W. Bennett, 5, Bishopsgate-street Without, 1861.

In a work like the present, in which the substantial part is composed of facts, interesting in themselves, and deserving to be known, its value would be considerably increased by the author citing the original authority, on which each particular statement is based. Mr. Dalton says his authorities "may be found collected and collated in the admirable work of Mr. Thomas Rundell, printed for the Hakluyt Society, and entitled "Memorials of the Empire of Japan in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." This, perhaps, would be sufficient if the whole of "Will Adams" was to be treated as "a romantic biography." But it is not so. It assumes to be something more, and is entitled to be received as something better; that is, as a book giving in a popular form a narrative of events with which the people of this country ought to be acquainted. There should then be no vagueness about the statements in a book like this; the reader is entitled to be placed in such a position as that he may distinguish truth from fiction, statement from invention, exaggeration from simple facts.

Mr. Dalton is a diligent student and a careful writer, and can readily supply that which is a defect in his work. The subject is worthy of his pen; for Japan, with its ancient traditions, its three religions—at one period four religions—and its extraordinary system of government, its spiritual and its temporal rulers reigning apart from each other, present to the practised pensman a theme as attractive as it certainly would be popular. What, for example, can be more curious than the old native Japanese tradition as to one portion of the empire, *Awadassima*? "At the commencement of the creation of the world," say some of the old Japan historians, "the most eminent amongst the seven prime celestial spirits dipped his staff into the chaotic mass of the globe, and when he took out the staff there dropped from the end of it a mixture of foam and mud, which, calescing together, formed the isles of Japan, and hence one of them—the fourth largest in size—has ever since been called *Awadassima*—that is, "the isle of earthy foam." *Awa* signifying "foam," *dsi*, "earth," and *ssima*, "island." As curious traditions, and as far-fetched derivations, attach to other districts and provinces of the empire. And then there are the three religions also to be described. The *Sinto*, the worship of native idols; the *Budso*, the worship of foreign idols; the *Sinto*, the faith of their philosophers; and there had been also the *Kiristando*, or religion of Christ, until the period of persecution, of which so many strange and well-told narratives are to be found in Mr. Dalton's book. What could possibly be more instructive than an accurate account by one who had well and thoroughly studied the subject, of the rise of those contemporary and apparently hostile powers—the spiritual and temporal—the "Dairo" and the "Kubo" (in Mr. Dalton's book the *Mikado* and the *Ziagoon*)—reigning peacefully together, and the supremacy of each, in his respective sphere, universally acknowledged and cheerfully submitted to by nobles and plebeians.

Another point in connection with Japanese history requires to be cleared up, and that is, the real cause for the remorseless persecution, ending in the utter annihilation of Christianity in Japan. Mr. Dalton endeavours to account for it; but he has not said all that has been reported on the subject. He is of course aware of the Spanish and Portuguese tradition. They attribute it to the malevolence of a rebellious Huguenot native of Brussels, born at a time when the Netherlands formed a portion of the dominions of Philip II. This man, they say, was originally a cabin-boy, and afterwards a merchant's clerk in the Dutch factory in Japan, and wishing to injure the Portuguese, he forged a letter attributing to them the design of seizing Japan, and hence the awful persecution, and ultimate extirpation of Christianity. They add that this man was, with his vessel and a great mass of wealth he had brought with him from Japan, wrecked, on a fine day, in sight of Lisbon. At the same moment both life and wealth were lost; "and in such manner did he receive his first chastisement for the irreparable damage he had done to the Church;"—"et reçut ainsi le premier châtement de l'irréparable dommage qu'il avoit fait à l'Eglise."

"Will Adams," despite its ill-constructed story, is an interesting book, that tells many valuable facts in so agreeable a manner as to entitle the work in which they appear to become universally popular.

KOHL'S TRAVELS IN CANADA.*

THE recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada imparts a fresh interest to that valuable and important dependency of the British Crown. Not many years have passed away since insurrection raged in Canada; and yet circumstances have so changed in the colony, that in no portion of the wide-spread dominions of the English empire are sentiments of loyalty to the Sovereign more ardent, or feelings of attachment to the British connection more sincere, devoted, and resolute than in Canada at the present moment. The visit of the Prince of Wales has placed this fact beyond doubt or cavil. But how comes this change from "rebellion" to "loyalty," and from "discontent" to "attachment"? Where is there a pure, impartial, and perfectly reliable source from whence to be obtained an accurate account of the condition of the Canadians?

The book of Mr. Kohl supplies all that is needed by an inquirer into the truth. The fame of Mr. Kohl as a writer has long since been established. He possesses all the requisites for the due performance of the task he undertakes to discharge. He is accurate as an observer, diligent in his researches as an investigator, candid and impartial as a narrator. Such he has proved himself to be in all his previous publications; and it is, we consider, a fortunate circumstance that at a time when the English people must naturally be desirous to have full and truthful accounts of Canada, this work should be placed within their reach.

The book is fortunate not only in its author, but in its translator; for Mrs. Percy Sinnett is well known in the literary world as an accomplished German scholar; and is also justly respected for the authorship of several valuable original works, amongst which may be mentioned one of permanent value and importance, entitled "Byways of History." The present work enjoys the advantage of being "revised by the author," so that it is published with all the advantage of an original work—not written because the Prince of Wales was a visitor to Canada, but published in consequence of that visit—showing, by previously recognized facts, why the royal visit was sure to be attended with circumstances alike agreeable to the people of this country and of the Canadian provinces.

Mrs. Percy Sinnett, in her preface, remarks that the work now published has been selected from those in which the author described his extensive travels in the North-American continent. The value of Canada to England, it is justly observed, is not on account of any direct material advantage at present derived from the connection; "but from the bright prospect it now more than ever holds out to those who have no prospect at home but that of increasing poverty." The political importance of Canada, both as regards the present and the future, is thus clearly and candidly stated;—

"Canada may be regarded in its relation to England as a happy and prosperous child married and settled, and capable of managing its own affairs, as well as of lending a helping hand to its

* Travels in Canada and through the United States of New York and Pennsylvania. By J. G. Kohl, author of "Russia and the Russians," "Austria," &c. &c. Translated by Mrs. Percy Sinnett: revised by the author. Two volumes. London: George Manwaring, 8, King William-street, Strand, 1861.

younger brothers and sisters; and the bonds that connect it with the mother country are rather those of affection and respect than those of material interest; but there are, nevertheless, social benefits to an old country in seeing its youth thus renewed in its offspring, and there must be political advantage in her maintaining in the New World a counterpoise to the immense and increasing power of a people which, with all its high and admirable qualities, has not been nationally so free from reproach, or so "clear in its great office," that its gigantic advance can be watched without some feeling of apprehension mingling with our sympathy. England is probably the only European power that could maintain its position by the side of the United States, or hold out attractions to settlers that could bear comparison with those of the Great Republic; but we have here the testimony of an impartial observer, that the freedom enjoyed by the inhabitants is practically much more unrestricted than that of their neighbours; that their taxation is lighter; that their independence and liberty of self-government are scarcely, if at all, less; and that no less ample provision is made for education, that first necessity of social life."

Such are the practical lessons taught by a study of Mr. Kohl's book of the impressions produced upon his mind by an examination into the condition of the people, both in the United States and in Canada. It is sufficient here to state, that the conclusion he has come to is, that there is in Canada more freedom and less taxes under a monarchy than in the Great Republic, with as much of self-government as is desirable, and full means of education. Hence the attachment of the Canadians to the British Crown—hence their determination never to permit their country to be absorbed in the United States; and hence, too, an important and most useful piece of knowledge for the people of these islands, namely, that all persons who resolve upon emigrating will find Canada a far more desirable place to settle in than the United States.

Those acquainted with the previous travels of Mr. Kohl are aware that, whilst he imparts to his readers solid information upon every subject of importance connected with the country he is describing, he has also the gift of making them feel as if they were his fellow-travellers, and of interesting their feelings by some small incident in which his own sympathies have been strongly excited. There are several charming episodes to be found in the present volumes. Amongst them may be cited his visit to the Indian a hundred years old, who "could remember the English conquest of Canada," and to an old negro that had "lived through the revolt of the United States from the English yoke." More interesting and affecting than either is the pathetic tale of the poor German doctor met with as an emigrant on board one of the steamers. It is a simple tale, and told in a manner worthy of the pen of Sterne. We regret we cannot afford space to give it in full; but here is a specimen of the manner in which the author obtains knowledge of a curious fact to which is attached a still more curious theory or superstition:—

"The obtaining of scalps was not only a necessity of war for the Indian,—the passion for these horrid trophies often became so irresistible with him as to impel him to bloody deeds, even in peace, and it is said would spring up suddenly with frightful violence in the mind of a well-meaning, good-tempered Indian. I was told of an English officer who was travelling through the American wilderness with an Indian guide, who had showed himself so civil and friendly that the Englishman entirely trusted him; but one morning, on awaking suddenly from sleep, he was astonished to see the Indian standing before him, and pointing at him his own double-barrelled gun, which he had taken from his side. The Englishman sprang upon him and disarmed the Indian, who was all in a tremble, and when he was made prisoner, confessed that his master had not given him the least cause for dissatisfaction or revengeful feeling, but 'he had such a very fine head of hair!' He, the Indian, had been playing with the rich, silky locks, as the Englishman lay asleep, until an irresistible desire seized him to have such a scalp to hang at his girdle as a trophy. He had struggled with himself, but was becoming so terribly excited that the scalping devil would have got the better of him if the Englishman had not driven him away. He then fell at his feet and implored forgiveness. The phrenologists have not, I believe, yet recognized the scalping mania as one of the original propensities of the human mind, but judges in this country are aware of its existence."

We recommend "Kohl's Canada" as a work amusing, interesting, and valuable.

ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.*

IN imitation, apparently, of the eminent lawyer who has written the Lives of Lord Chancellors, Dr. Hook has undertaken the task of writing the Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Lord Campbell scarcely meant his work to be a history of English Law; but Dr. Hook designs to compose a history of the Church of England, a national institution which, under various phases, has existed from the time of Augustine till the present hour. At an early period of life the idea suggested itself to him of grouping the principal incidents of that history round the Primate; and having sought his recreation in the study of ecclesiastical history through the thirty-five years that that he diligently performed his pastoral duties in the manufacturing districts, chiefly at Leeds, he has found time in his advanced life, and in his quiet cathedral preferment, to perform the task he formerly unwillingly relinquished. The present volume, coming down to the Norman Conquest, extends over a period of 473 years, and includes thirty-four archbishops, giving to each one, on the average, the possession of his high dignity for fifteen years and one month. The end of their career was death. It is very seldom that the end of a chancellor's career is not removal, and, therefore, it would be idle to institute a comparison between the heads of the Law and the heads of the Church; but from the facts we infer that the secure possession of the highest ecclesiastical authority in the rude Anglo-Saxon times was favourable to longevity.

Dr. Hook's researches into this early portion of our ecclesiastical history, the great care he has taken to bring all the leading facts distinctly before the reader, the plain clear manner in which he has narrated the life of each archbishop, describing his birth, his rank, and his education, as far as they could be ascertained; describing, too, all the contests each was involved in, and his contributions to ecclesiastical literature, and all the alterations made in church discipline throughout the whole period, have conferred a great service on the public. Though his style is not brilliant, nor his narrative rapid, both are befitting his subject; and his work, possessing the merits of an accurate chronicle without its dryness, can be read with much pleasure and profit. He has attempted, with success, to combine the merits of the three kinds of history referred to by Lord Bacon, and has done for our early ecclesiastical history what Hume did for our general history subsequent to the Conquest. We have never till now had any such ecclesiastical history, and certainly none which could be read with pleasure; and Dr. Hook has furnished us with a book, as far as it has yet gone, indispensable to our libraries, necessary for our schools, and pleasant at our firesides and in our drawing-rooms.

Passing over an elaborate introductory chapter full of learning, with the remark that Dr. Hook attributes, which is the great fault throughout the book, more to the exertions of his profession in past times to effect the improvement of mankind than is warranted by experience, and expects too much from the clergy in future, however excellent their intentions,—we shall direct attention to one or two secular facts, with which more than any other ecclesiastical history Dr. Hook's work abounds. Whatever might have been the history and condition of the church in Britain before the period at which the work begins, Augustine came in the character of a missionary, and as a missionary church amongst a barbarous people the Church of England grew into existence. When Christianity was taught to the Gentiles, they had nothing but religion to

* Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury. By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester. Vol. I., Anglo-Saxon period. London: Richard Bentley.

learn from their teachers. The great degree of secular knowledge, the superiority in arts and arms, was not on the side of the apostles; but Augustine, Laurentius, Mellitus, Justin, Theodorus, and the other early Archbishops, were either Romans or Greeks, and were as much superior in their knowledge of all the arts of life, if not of arms, to the Anglo-Saxons, as were the Europeans in the last century to the Indians. Such a superiority in the arts, as M. Guizot has remarked, was the chief foundation of the influence or power of the Italian priesthood, headed by the Pope, over England then, and throughout the early and middle ages of Christianity; and to this superiority we are now indebted, we think, for the notice the missionaries took, and have handed down to us, of the condition of our progenitors. Just as from our own missionaries we derive our chief knowledge of the natives of Australia and the Pacific islands, so from the missionaries who came from civilized Rome to instruct the Anglo-Saxons, have we derived our most authentic accounts of their secular condition. To keep within our customary limits we confine our remarks to two illustrations which, duly weighed, should now have some influence over our modes of thinking with regard to the subjects referred to.

"In all missions," says Dr. Hook, "there must arise a difficulty in settling the laws of marriage. When, for instance, a convert presents himself with more wives than one, what is the missionary to recommend? Polygamy was not unknown amongst the Teutonic races; and one very remarkable custom prevailed: the son, in the royal family especially, was expected to marry his stepmother, if his father left a widow. In the sixth century, Ermengish, King of the Varai, left the injunction, 'Let Rudiger, my son, marry his stepmother, even as our national custom permits.' Augustine felt the difficulty of his position, and applied to Gregory for advice. Gregory's answer was, 'A certain worldly law in the Roman Commonwealth allows that the sons and daughters of a brother and sister, or of two brothers or of two sisters, may be joined in matrimony; but we have found, by experience, that the offspring of such wedlock cannot thrive, and the divine law forbids a man to uncover the nakedness of his kindred. To marry with one's mother-in-law is a heinous crime.'"

In opposition, however, to this teaching, Eadwald, the son of Ethelrid, married his step-mother in 616, and quarrelled with the missionaries. They were ready to leave the country, but one last exertion prevailed; Eadwald was converted, and the missionaries carried into effect the marriage law recommended by Gregory. We spare our readers much of the reasoning by which Gregory supported his view; but it will be observed that he fortified his decision by what had been proved by experience in Rome; and there can be little doubt that the divine law he quoted had been found conformable to experience in Palestine. We know that it is quite in conformity with our own experience. In quoting this passage, we have, in fact, quoted the very origin of our present marriage law; and as it was founded on experience, as it is in a great measure justified by experience, by experience only must we be guided in continuing or amending it. The example of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors in this point, reprobated by the better-informed Italians, has long since ceased to have any influence over their descendants.

The other subject is slavery; equally familiar and equally important.

"We, at the present time, are accustomed," says Dr. Hook, "to condemn malefactors to penal servitude, that is, to compulsory labour or slavery, for a definite period or for life. The Anglo-Saxons had a similar method of inflicting punishments—but with this terrible addition to the penalty, that the family and children of the offender shared his punishment, and became hereditary bondsmen. To this class were added the prisoners taken in war. A large portion of the population were thus in a state of slavery; and at Bristol and Chester there was a slave-market, where wretches existed who made merchandise of human beings."

Dr. Hook quotes a letter from Archbishop Bernwald, which, he says, does equal credit to his head and heart. The substance is this:—

"Since my request, which I made in your presence to the venerable Abbot Bernwald, to allow a captive girl to be ransomed, who is represented as having relations here, has turned out unavailing, contrary to my expectations, and they are again unfortunate in their entreaties; I have thought it most expedient to send this letter to you by the girl's brother, named Eppa, in which I beg you by any means to prevail yourself on the foresaid abbot to accept three hundred solidi for the said girl from the hand of the bearer, and deliver her to him to be brought hither, so that she may be able to pass the remainder of her life with her relations, not in the bitterness of slavery, but in the enjoyment of liberty."

That is the exact counterpart of the efforts we know are frequently made to redeem individuals from slavery in the United States, and it sets before us, in a very clear light, the condition then of the labouring classes, not improved subsequently by the irruption of the Danes, and only very slowly ameliorated in every subsequent period. Society is still very much afflicted by the condition of the labouring classes, especially agricultural labourers. It is now, too, very much troubled, as were the Anglo-Saxons, to know what to do with criminals, and employs still the same means as they employed to make them serviceable—"compulsory labour or slavery for a definite period or for life." Society, too, is much afflicted by the relations between the sexes or the marriage laws, and there are not a few disorders in the church—witness St. George's; witness, too, the division of high and low church—notwithstanding that both it and the marriage law have undergone great reformation. All these three great branches of society—our missionary church, our marriage laws, and the condition of the lower classes, as well as the principles on which they are treated—had their origin at this remote period, and all are still tainted by its vices. If that experience, to which Gregory referred, is to be our guide, as we believe it ever must be, we should—looking to the origin of our institutions and their effects—now listen to its voice to improve them.

We are grateful to Dr. Hook, and so will the public be, for the light he has thrown on them by his labours. He has done more than any previous writer to show the progress of society at that early period, in connection with both ecclesiastical and secular institutions. His book is generally sound and substantial, and quite above all the minute criticism in which periodical writers occasionally indulge. We have derived instruction from it, and so will every reflecting reader, however well informed. On Dr. Hook's authority, who only speaks after others, we can say that the gold to be found in Britain was one of the circumstances that attracted to it the attention of the eastern civilized people, and made it be considered by the Romans one of their most valuable colonies. To them it then stood in much the same relation as Australia now stands to us, and it is not a little curious to find such precisely similar circumstances formerly inducing the Romans to take possession of Britain, and import hither their arts and their religion, and now inducing us to go to the Southern Pacific, and carry thither our arts, our religion, and our civilization. Gold at all times has great influence over the affairs of mankind, and has, it now seems, a greater and more civilizing influence than moralists have ascribed to it. From Dr. Hook's first volume being so full of instruction of this description, the public will look impatiently for the completion of the work.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

Works on National Defences. By Colonel Shafto Adair, F.R.S., A.D.C. to the Queen. London: James Ridgway, 169, Piccadilly. Ipswich: S. H. Cowell.—The work on National Defences, of which Colonel Shafto Adair is the author, consists of three parts. The first directs especial attention to the militia of the United Kingdom, and the military defence of East Suffolk. The second treats of the organization of the militia in the event of an invasion, and the defence of Portsmouth. The third points out the manner in which the defence of London

could be maintained, with general observations upon national defences. The three parts are to be taken together, and they are written in such a manner as to be useful to military men whilst perfectly intelligible by civilians. The author truly remarks that "in the present condition of the European nations there is no peace unless armed," and the main purpose aimed at is to have the United Kingdom placed in such a position of vigorous internal defence that the navy of England might be without fear, hesitation, or doubt sent forth to duties, however perilous, or however remote. The author also maintains that "the Volunteer movement should be developed until it represents and is identical and coextensive with the armed people;" and he suggests that there should be "a legislative declaration of the use and the objects for which the services of the Volunteers have been accepted." Such a declaration, he says, can alone give stability to the present movement, and the legislature alone can ensure the execution of those measures which are requisite to place the defence of the nation upon a solid and durable basis. He desires to see all matters connected with the national defences arranged by a commission composed of military men and civilians, the latter being persons who having, from their own experience, a just estimate of the spirit of their countrymen, could with great propriety take their place in the deliberations of a commission of defence, as in the time of Queen Elizabeth, by the side of the professional soldier.

Old Friends and New Acquaintances. By Agnes Strickland, author of "Lives of the Queens of England." Second series. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.—Few books are calculated to afford the same amount of satisfaction as may be derived from a careful perusal of Miss Strickland's "Queens of England." But, how strange and unnatural it seems, that the grave muse of history should descend from her pedestal, cast away the lyre, and conceal her candid features beneath the smiling mask of Thalia! We have read somewhere of a young fanatical admirer of Mrs. Siddons being cured of all his romance respecting the illustrious tragedian, upon being suddenly admitted behind the scenes, and observing that magnificent woman, dressed as Lady Macbeth, refreshing herself after one of her most thrilling scenes, with a pewter pot of porter. No such disenchantment, we trust, will follow as to Miss Strickland's just claims as a truthful historian by the publication of this volume, which is as entertaining as if its author were not capable of greater and better things.

Legends from Fairy Land. By Holme Lee, with eight illustrations by H. Sanderson. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 65, Cornhill.—This book, with capital illustrations, narrates the history of Princess Glee and Princess Trill, with the cruel persecutions and condign punishment of Aunt Spite, the adventures of the great Tufongbo, and the story of the Blackcap in the Giant's Well. A little book that reminds one of the opening scenes in a Christmas pantomime.

Holidays with Hobgoblins: and Talk of Strange Things. By Dudley Costello, with illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly.—In this little volume there are fourteen articles from the light, lively, and always agreeable pen of Mr. Dudley Costello. It is a fitting book for the Christmas holidays, as it combines together some very laughable stories, with a few essays on curious subjects, in which is collected information that needed some trouble and research in acquiring. This is imparted in such a pleasant manner, as to render it most agreeable. Amongst the good stories in the book, may be particularized "Shaving a Ghost," "The Haunted House near Hampstead," and "The Apparition of Monsieur Bodry." The most instructive and amusing of the essays are "Monsters," "Alchemy and Gunpowder," "Bird History," "Witchcraft and Old Boguey," "Crabs" and "Lobsters." These are the literary contents of a volume rendered still more attractive by some of George Cruikshank's pictures in his happiest style, such as the engravings designated "The Gunpowder Plot, or Guys in Council," and "The Curiosities of Ornithology."

Popular Education: what it is, and what it is not. By M. A. B. London: Bell and Daldy, 186, Fleet-street.—The author of this pamphlet maintains that a national system of education "should be conducted on some organized and uniform plan, regulated by the state: it should be compulsory, and supported—if not wholly, certainly in part—by an education rate." These are startling propositions; and we recommend all persons who feel an interest in that all-important subject, the education of the people, to look to the little pamphlet now published; for they will find the author maintains his position with a cogency of argument and a force of reasoning that must enforce attention, if they cannot command universal assent.

River Angling for Salmon and Trout. By John Younger, with a Memoir of the Author, together with a Treatise on the Salmon, and a list of the Tweed Salmon-casts. Kelso: J. and J. H. Rutherford; Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.—The author of this work on "River Angling for Salmon and Trout," was a poor shoemaker; one of the remarkable humble men of Scotland, who, unaided by patrons, and few friends capable of sympathizing with his genius, raised himself from the humblest position in life, to the notice and universal respect of his countrymen. "The Shoemaker of St. Boswells," as he was designated in all parts of Scotland, was an excellent prose writer, a respectable poet, a marvellously-gifted man in conversation; and in all that related to "the gentle art" of fishing, the very highest authority of his day. "He could tell the waggle of the wand that could most deftly throw the line, and the bits of wood that, fixed together, made up the best style of rod." In this little book the author gives a description of his own successful practice and personal observation, "regardless of other eyes and authors." His is an angling-book for Scotland, and he observes as to old Isaac Walton, that "nothing of his modes of English angling has any place in our present practice in Scotland, or on the border." The book gives information on angling with fly, trout-flies, dressing salmon and trout flies, on fishing-rods, salmon-angling, angling with worms for salmon, angling with worms for trout, fishing with minnows, pas-tail, roe-bait, creeper-fishing, stone-fly, lists of salmon-casts, &c. &c. It is a genial pleasant book to read, independent of the information contained in it. To those who are not anglers, there is one part of the book that will be read with interest, and that is, the biography of the author, the simple heart-stirring narrative of the life-struggle of a highly-gifted, humble, and honest mechanic—a life of care, but also a life of virtue.

Shakspeare: his Birthplace and its Neighbourhood. By John R. Wise. Illustrated by W. J. Linton. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 65, Cornhill.—The author and the illustrator of this interesting volume have both been influenced by the same motive—the desire to supply all (who, like themselves, visit Stratford and its neighbourhood actuated by admiration for Shakspeare) with a book in some respects worthy of the object of their idolatry. "The aim of this work," observes

the author, in his introductory remarks, is to "take away the reproach of meagreness from the handbooks to Stratford, and throw some little light on the text of Shakspeare, by giving the reader a better idea of the land where the poet lived." The object of the author is efficiently supported by Mr. Linton, who has supplied the work with twenty-five illustrations, admirably executed. The book is printed on tinted paper, and splendidly bound. It ought to find its place by the side of the finest editions of Shakspeare's works. No more welcome gift could be made to an admirer of Shakspeare.

Edwin and Ethelburga: a Drama. By Frederick Wm. Wyon. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 65, Cornhill.—The scene of this drama is laid at the period when our fair island was constantly exposed to the incursions of the Northern sea-pirates. There is too much of dialogue, and too little of incident to make it suitable for performance on the stage. The story, however, is so well told, as to render its perusal agreeable.

Studies of Christian Character. By Bitha Fox, author of "Pictures of Heroes," "The Yews," &c. London: James Hogg & Sons.—This is the romance of religious biography. There are nine chapters, each bearing a fanciful title, such as "The Lamp in the Hall," "Signal Fires," "Watchers for the Dawn," "The Friendships of the Reformation," "The Artists of the Reform," "The Cobbler-poet of Nuremberg," "The Tenth Muse," "The Red-Silk Banner," "The Fair Pietist," and the principal personages in these chapters are the Venerable Bede, John Huss and Jerome of Prague, John of Wesel and John Wessel, Ulrich von Hutten and Franz von Sickingen, Albert Durer and Lucas Cranach, the Cobbler-Poet of Nuremberg, Olympia Morata, Roderigo de Valero, and Juan de Valdés, and Madame Guyon. A shifting panorama, from the seventh to the seventeenth century, in which several stirring scenes and energetic characters are portrayed.

The Book and its Missions, Past and Present. Edited by L. N. R., author of "The Book and its Story." Vol. V. 1860. London: W. Kent & Co., 51 & 52, Paternoster-row; Thomas Hatchard, Piccadilly.—This volume is dedicated to "The British and Foreign Bible Society, and to the friends of Bible circulation throughout the World." In its pages will be found an account of the progress made by missionaries in circulating copies of the Bible in various languages. Reports, too, are given of what is doing in the British Islands. There are several interesting facts to be found in this unpretending volume, and none will probably excite more attention than the statements made as to what is passing in China, amongst the Armenians in Turkey, in France, and finally in Italy, where it is incorrectly said, "Garibaldi, the noblest of generals, has saluted king of that country the Charles Albert who gave liberty to the Vaudois—the Bible-readers of the Alps."

The Carews. A Tale of the Civil Wars. By Mary Gillies, author of "The Voyage of Constance." With twenty-four illustrations by Birket Foster. London: W. Kent & Co., 23, Paternoster-row.—A domestic story of the time of Charles I. One of the best books published this season. It displays a careful study of the manners and customs of the period, and an accurate knowledge both of Cavaliers and Roundheads. The brutal conduct ascribed to Prince Rupert, and which leads to the catastrophe of the story, is historically correct. "The Carews" deserves to be a popular book, and we trust its circulation may be commensurate with its intrinsic merits.

The Adventures of Mr. Ambiguous Law, an Articled Clerk. By Carr Bunkle, Gent., one, &c. London: James Blackwood, Paternoster-row.—There are 270 pages in this volume. We read 160 of them without being able to discover wherefore the book had been published. The nearest approach we can make to a definition of its contents is to describe it as a story without either plot or characters.

On Charity in Conversation. From the French of R. Père Huguet Marist. By a Missionary Apostolic. London: C. Dolman, Bond-street and Paternoster-row. A good translation of a Roman Catholic work, treating mainly on the evils of detraction.

The Leisure Hour, 1860. London: Paternoster-row, and 164, Piccadilly. *The Sunday at Home: a Family Magazine for Sabbath-reading, 1860.* London: the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row; 164, Piccadilly.—Both these publications are profusely illustrated with well-executed wood-engravings. Both emanate from the same source—"the Religious Tract Society"—the main difference between them being that the first is intended for amusement during the week, and the other to supply edifying and instructive reading for the hours of the Sabbath, not devoted exclusively to Divine worship. Considering the evil use that is too frequently made of cheap literature, and how the skill of the engraver is employed to attract the young to publications certain to corrupt their minds, and debase their hearts, it is a matter of no small importance to be able to point to a penny publication like "the Leisure Hour," a penny weekly periodical that can be perused with advantage. Some of the tales in "the Leisure Hour" are of first-rate character; and other papers contributed are amusing and instructive. We would wish to see "the Leisure Hour" received in every family. It is not necessary to recommend "the Sunday at Home," as its title should be its passport through all parts of England.

Library Catalogue. London: Letts, Son, & Co., Royal Exchange. All persons desirous of arranging and preserving whatever collection of books they may possess, should provide themselves with Letts's "Library Catalogue." It is very well arranged; shows at a glance the title of the book, the place it occupies in the library, the name of the author, size, date of publication, the place where, and the person by whom published. At the end of the Catalogue is an indispensable form,—i. e., an easy mode of registering books lent; because, as the compilers observe, "it is an unhappy practice with many to forget the duty of returning what they have borrowed, and thus, in many cases, has a valuable set of books been destroyed," which such a record as is here provided for the possessor of a library, "might early have prevented."

The Literary and Scientific Register and Almanack for 1861. By J. W. G. Gutch, M.R.C.S.L. London: W. Kent & Co., Paternoster-row.—This work is dedicated, by special permission, to Prince Albert, and published under his immediate patronage. In addition to the usual intelligence to be found in almanacks, there is in this volume an amount of information upon a variety of subjects not to be procured in such publications. For instance, in the present volume the article on "Geography" is considerably extended—the various heights of the mountains are correctly stated. Professor Donaldson has contributed much valuable matter under the head of "Architecture." Captain Noble has

given an article on "Astronomy," and the article on "Geology" has been rewritten. There are articles on aerial phenomena, agriculture, anatomy, astronomy, building, chemistry, gardening, heat, human physiology, hydraulics, mathematics, mechanics, mensuration, natural history, orthography, painting, photography, phrenology, statistics, therapeutics, &c. &c. &c.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Those who have read with pleasure, and they are many, the "Life of Frederick the Great," by Carlyle, will be delighted with the "Souvenirs de Vingt Ans de Séjour à Berlin,"* just published. The author, professor of the Royal Academy at the Prussian capital, admitted at Court and patronised by the King, spent twenty years of his life in daily observation of the events occurring around him. He enjoyed the friendship of all the great men men who were the ornaments of Frederick's social circle at that period,—D'Alembert, Cerutti, Voltaire, Maupertius, La Mettrie, Le Marquis d'Argens, Algarotti, and others, and was an eye-witness of, and sometimes an actor in, the numerous scenes which he relates. The memoirs of M. Thiébault extend from the year 1765 to 1784, when he returned to Paris. Many characteristic details, hitherto unknown, are here given of the private life of the King, of Prince Henry his brother, of the Queen of Sweden their sister, and of the mysterious Princess Amelia. These two volumes form a pleasant panorama, wherein a series of views are presented to the reader, portraying many of the celebrated men and women of that remarkable time.

The Duc de St. Simon and his Mémoires are well known to the English public, but it is not so well known that he possessed in his library a copy of the Mémoires of the Marquis de Dangeau, covered with marginal annotations in his (the Duke's) own handwriting, and which are now published for the first time.† Dangeau's memoirs, from 1684 to 1720, give a very faithful and complete picture of the court of Louis XIV. and of the royal family. They contain general information which is found nowhere else, and the annotations of St. Simon, so racy and so unsparing, complete the value of the book. If Dangeau may be said to be the echo of the bed-chamber of Louis XIV. St. Simon is the echo of what is called *l'œil de bœuf*, or the scandalous chit-chat of the court. The combined observations of the two writers present an historical record unequalled by any other memoirs of the history of France.

We are glad that M. Firmin Didot, the renowned French publisher, has issued this journal of Dangeau, which will probably soon be translated into English.

The new social and political position which the Jews have acquired during the last few years in almost all the states of Europe, and even in some parts of Asia, has naturally attracted the attention of historians. No complete history of that nation, from the time of its dispersion up to the present day has yet been written, although according to careful calculation, the people numerically amount to 7,000,000. M. Debarre, himself a Jew, and at the head of the barristers of the Imperial Court of Justice at Montpellier, has tried to supply this vacuum.‡ The great merit of the book is its completeness in so small a compass, for in one volume it contains a very interesting sketch, not only of the continual vicissitudes of the Jews, but also of their progress in the arts and sciences from the fourth century to the present time. Valuable information drawn from sources little known is here furnished, and the social habits and public life of the Jews during the middle ages, the schools they established in the eastern and western empire under Constantine, Theodosius, Justinian, the Kings of the Goths, and Charlemagne, their scientific and literary labours in Italy, Spain, and France, details on their best authors and their works, the improvements they introduced in different branches of manufacture and commerce, are all described in an excellent and graphic style. No serious reader will throw aside this book until he has read it through.

Few persons are, perhaps, aware that the idea of the unity and independence of Italy originated with Count Joseph de Maistre, the famous author of "Les Soirées de Saint Petersburg," and that it was during the French empire of 1800 that de Maistre, then Sardinian Ambassador at the court of Alexander I. of Russia, planned the new line of politics by which the House of Savoy was to deliver Italy from a foreign yoke. This project was at the time coldly received by the court, and has since been almost forgotten. Farini alone, in a few eloquent pages in his "Storia d'Italia dall'anno 1814 sino a nostri giorni," has recalled the circumstance. Albert Blanc, a barrister of Turin, published in 1858 the political memoirs and correspondence of Joseph de Maistre (from 1803 to 1810), and therein he is proved to have been among the first defenders of Italian independence. The remainder of these highly-interesting memoirs (from 1811 to 1817) has just been edited by the same author, M. Albert Blanc. One of the remarkable facts they elicit is, that the writer was by no means such an advocate of absolute government and absolute monarchy as he was generally supposed to be. This was known in Russia, and Madame Swetchine, long before the correspondence of de Maistre appeared, said of her celebrated friend,—"People do not know him; he is not the fanatic nor the absolutist he is believed to be." His diplomatic position and his intimacy with the Emperor of Russia during those eventful six years (1811—1817) give full scope for revelations and anecdotes of every kind, and the result is a very amusing book.§

The great undertaking of François Hugo, son of the celebrated poet, goes steadily on, and the seventh volume of his translation of Shakspeare has just been issued.|| There are two new features in this work, the word-for-word translation, and the division of the Plays into certain categories imagined by the author. Each volume consists of one of these categories:—*Les Fées*, Midsummer's Night Dream; and "The Tempest;" *Les Tyrans*, "Macbeth," "King John," "Richard the Third;" *Les Jaloux*, "Othello," "Cymbeline," "Troilus and Cressida," "Much Ado about Nothing," and the "Winter's Tale;" *Les amants tragiques*, "Anthony and Cleopatra," "Romeo and Juliet;" *Les Amis*, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Merchant of Venice," "As you Like it," and so on. This is peculiar enough; but the endeavour to render, word for word, English into French, two languages so thoroughly opposed in character, seems to us an attempt which will hardly be approved of by Frenchmen, for the simple reason that it is almost impossible that the language should be correct if faithfully translated, and the necessary incorrectness will often offend the reader. Moreover, there are many English words which have no correlatives in French, or which will fail to convey to the mind the same idea if literally translated.

Notwithstanding this objection, this laborious work, which will extend to fifteen volumes octavo, has this advantage that it gives *in extenso*, for the first

* *Souvenirs de Vingt Ans de Séjour à Berlin.* Par Dieudonné Thiébault. Paris: Firmin Didot. 2 vols. 8vo. London: D. Nutt. 1860.

† *Journal du Marquis de Dangeau, avec le Commentaire inédit du Duc de St. Simon.* Paris. 15 vols. 8vo. London: D. Nutt. 1860.

‡ *Les Juifs en France, en Italie, et en Espagne, recherches sur leur état, depuis leur dispersion jusqu'à nos jours.* 1 vol. 8vo. 600 pp. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: D. Nutt. 1860.

§ *Correspondance Diplomatique de Joseph de Maistre, 1811—1817.* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: D. Nutt. 1860.

|| *Œuvres complètes de W. Shakspeare, Tom VII. Les amants tragiques: Antoine et Cléopâtre, Roméo et Juliette.* Paris: Pagnerre. 1860. London: D. Nutt.

time in French, all the legends and tales on which the plays of Shakspeare are founded; and each of them is prefaced by literary considerations and reflections, sufficiently curious to be well worth reading.

One might suppose that after the numerous works published on Jeanne d'Arc, and some of them of considerable extent (five or six octavo volumes), there would be little or nothing left to be said of her, but M. H. Wallon,* a member of the French Academy, explains his object in undertaking a new and complete history of Jeanne. Both early and recent authors have taken, in general, a partial view of the question, according to the source from which they have derived their materials. Joan of Arc underwent two trials; the first condemned her to be burned; the second, not very long afterwards, reinstated her. In each she appears under a different aspect. M. Wallon aims at combining the information gathered from the two trials, and so reconstructs the history of his heroine. As the stirring events of the period are also carefully narrated, this new work is not without interest although the subject is somewhat hackneyed.

A MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS MORNING.

A LITTLE year,—a long twelvemonths ago

My child was taken from me. Lord, I know

It was Thy will,—and to Thy will I bow.

On Christmas morn I lost my little one;

The sun shone into the room,—but she was gone;

I lean'd beside the tiny cot,—alone.

Time of sweet meetings and festivity!

Bells rang,—and troops of glad friends murmur'd by;

Only THOU heardst through all my helpless cry.

My little child that left me on this day!

When I lift up my heart to Heaven, and pray,

I feel as thou wert not so far away.

And on this Christmas morn I grow more near

To thee and to thy home. I have no fear

Of loss,—though thou art gone from me a year.

If my tears fall, 'tis not for pain I weep,—

I know that, up in Heaven, God will keep

The little babe that with me went to sleep.

And on this day of all God's blessed days

Lift I my soul in humbleness and praise,

Owning his mercy—asking for his grace.

Thou who dost love to cleanse the sin-assoil'd,

Help me to live my life, world-undefiled,

Lest I should fear to meet my little child.

Oh, pitying Father! look Thou upon me,

Give me Thy aid "a little child" to be,

So I may hope one day my child to see!

I think those bells that from the earth uprising

High in bright heaven, are purely echoing,

Their anguish'd sweetness doth such comfort bring.

Clear, clear above the clang of earthly noise,

Distinct as dropping stars—a tiny voice

Falls to my heart, and singeth there "Rejoice!"

J.

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 Kane's Arctic Explorations, 1853-4-5. New Edition, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
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* Jeanne d'Arc, par M. H. Wallon. Paris: Hachette. Two volumes 8vo. London: D. Nutt.

- Lodge's Peerages, 1861. Royal 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.
 Lorraine (N.). The Lord's Prayer. Lectures. Small crown 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d.
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 The Oyster; Where, How, and When, to Find, Breed, Cook, and Eat it. 12mo. bds. 1s.
 The Two Cosmos; an Edinburgh Tale of Fifty Years Ago. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. cloth. £1. 1s.
 The Entomologist's Annual for 1861. 12mo. bds. 2s. 6d.
 The Busy Hives around us. Small crown 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d.
 Under the Microscope. 1s. 6d.
 Wood (J. G.). Edited by. Bush Wanderings of a Naturalist. 2s. 6d.
 Wolfe's (Dr.) Travels and Adventures. Vol. II. 8vo. cloth. 18s.
 Wardlaw's (Ralph) Posthumous Works. Vol. I. Lectures on Proverbs. 5s.
 Wyde's Magic and Science. 12mo. cloth. 6s.
 Weale's Series, Vol. LIII. On Construction of Ships. By H. A. Somerfeldt.
 Welby's Life and Death. 12mo. 5s.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

IN reproducing his book on the "British Constitution: its History, Structure, and Functions," Lord Brougham has headed the work by dedicating it to her Majesty, in which he takes occasion to make a grateful reference to the course adopted respecting the patent of the Brougham peerage, and the precedents followed in granting the remainder to others than the next heirs.

The announcement of the publication of the Memoir of Mr. Joseph Sortain has met with a remonstrance from the widow and friends of the late reverend gentleman. This task Mrs. Sortain herself has undertaken, who is now preparing for immediate publication an authentic Memoir, including the private diary and correspondence with many eminent persons.

Among new publications may be mentioned "The Philosophy of Progress in Human Affairs," by Henry James Slack, about to be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

The first volume of the long-promised work by Mr. Kingslake, M.P., the "History of the Invasion of the Crimea," is in the press. It will contain a narrative of the transactions which brought on the war between Russia and the Western Powers.

Messrs. W. Blackwood & Son are preparing for immediate publication "The Campaign of Garibaldi in the two Sicilies," a personal narrative, by Captain C. S. Forbes, R.N.

Messrs. Saunders & Otley are preparing for publication a work by Archdeacon Denison, Vicar of Brent, on church rates. It is entitled "Church Rates—a National Trust."

A new work by Dr. Brinton, on "Food and Digestion;" "A Historical and Chronological Encyclopedia," by Mr. Woodford; and "Clenreggan, or a Highland Home in Cantyre," by Cuthbert Bede, are preparing for publication by Messrs. Longman & Co.

Messrs. Bradbury & Evans have in the press a work by Mr. N. A. Woods, special correspondent accompanying the Prince of Wales, during his recent visit to America. It is entitled "The Prince of Wales in Canada and the United States."

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett will publish next week "Six Years of a Traveller's Life in Western Africa," by Francesco Valdez.

"The New Penny Magazine" is the title of a monthly serial about to be started by Mr. John Crockford. According to the *Book-hawking Circular*, a want, long felt by many, of a popular illustrated periodical, adapted to the principles of the Church of England, has led to this result. The Magazine is not to partake of a religious character only, but to combine works and tales of interest, mixed up with anecdotes of natural history and science, to be edited by a clergyman of the Established Church.

"Bermuda: its History, Geology, Climate, Products, Agriculture, Commerce, and Government," is the suggestive title of a new work by Mr. Theodore Godet, M.D., about to be published by Messrs. Smith & Elder. It treats from the earliest period to the present time, with hints to invalids.

Temple Bar, January, 1861, besides the commencement of Mr. Sala's new tale, "The Seven Sons of Mammon," will contain a paper from the same author, reviewing the events of the past year, called "Annus Mirabilis;" an article by Edmund Yates, describing a visit to the Field-lane Refuge; and a paper by Professor Ansted on Colliery Explosions.

The manuscript department of the Library of the British Museum has lately been enriched by the purchase, at a cost of 2,250*fr.*, of the "Life of St. Benedict," and other holy personages. It is by Stevelot, of the year 1430.

Readers curious in statistics will be surprised to hear, notwithstanding the great question of the liberty of the press in France, that Paris possesses 503 newspapers. 42 of them, as treating of politics and national economy, have to deposit a security in the hands of the Government; 460 are devoted to art, science, literature, industry, commerce, and agriculture. The most ancient of the latter is the *Journal des Savans*, and dates from the year 1665.

On December 28th, Mr. Hodgson, of Fleet-street, will sell by auction the copyright of the *Illustrated News of the World*. This sale is said to be by order of the mortgagees. It will include the whole of the steel plates of the well-known portraits of many distinguished persons, which have usually accompanied each number of that periodical. The sale will not include the copyright of any of the articles published in the journal.

The great sale of M. Solar's library has at length been brought to a close, having realized a sum considerably above 500,000*fr.* On the last day's sale, a copy of the "Catholicon," printed at Mentz in 1460, on vellum, bought for 12,450*fr.*, for England. It is one of the two copies which were in the royal library at Munich, and which were sold to M. Solar. Another copy of the same work, on paper, went for 1,010*fr.*

The second volume of Professor Cornelius's "History of the Rebellion at Münster"—the Anabaptists' Rising—has appeared at Leipzig. The first volume appeared in 1855, and the third is announced for 1863.

M. Charpentier has issued the prospectus of his *Revue Nationale*; and announces articles by MM. Edouard Laboulaye, Louis de Loménie, and Louis Ulbach.

Dr. G. J. Agasiz, of Ansburg, has in preparation a "Handbook of Surgery and Anatomy."

M. A. Nettetment's "History of the Restoration" is to occupy six or seven volumes.

E. Péclot's "Treatise on Heat" has reached a third edition.

M. Amyot is about to begin the publication of the "Diplomatic Archives of Europe," in monthly parts and quarterly volumes.

In consequence of the pressure of Advertisements upon our space, we are again compelled to enlarge our paper by a Supplementary Issue of Four Pages, making 56 columns, instead of our usual number of 48.

THE BACK NUMBERS OF THE LONDON REVIEW.—The Numbers out of print are now reprinting, and will be ready for issue on December 29, when all the Numbers can be had complete to the present time. A single back Number sent free by post on receipt of four postage stamps. Cases for binding THE LONDON REVIEW, with an Index to the Volume, will be ready early in January.

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A Single Copy sent free by Post on receipt of Four Postage Stamps.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS for WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29th.

GREAT CHRISTMAS REVELS, JUVENILE FESTIVAL, and GIGANTIC FANCY FAIR, to commence on MONDAY, December 24th, and continued on WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY.

On TUESDAY (CHRISTMAS DAY) ORCHESTRAL BAND and Great Festival Organ Performances.—The Revels and Fancy Fair will be closed on that day.

The PALACE will open, MONDAY to WEDNESDAY, at Nine; other Days at Ten. Admission each Day, One Shilling; Children, Sixpence. SATURDAY, Half-a-Crown; Children, One Shilling; Season Tickets, Free.

SUNDAY. Open, at 1.30, to Shareholders gratuitously, by tickets.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT CHRISTMAS REVELS, JUVENILE FESTIVAL, AND GIGANTIC FANCY FAIR.—On MONDAY, DECEMBER 24th, and daily during the holidays (except on Christmas Day), a continued round of amusements from morning till night, the entire building being lighted and warmed and presenting the gayest and most animated appearance. Mr. NELSON LEE will superintend the amusements.

The Entertainments will commence at half-past Eleven o'clock on Monday, and each succeeding day, with the Royal Punch and Judy, and the astonishing Marionettes, followed by the marvellous Wizard from Rome, Signor Poletti, whose public performances at the Gallery of Illustration have excited the greatest wonder. Mr. J. H. Stead, well known in London as "Weston's Cure," will appear in his most extraordinary characters; and the Brothers Talteen, probably the most talented "gymnasts" in this country, will exhibit their surprising feats; the Ohio Minstrels, whose success in London is proverbial, and whose comic versatility never fails to be rewarded by the most boisterous applause, will sing their drollest songs, and tell their funniest stories; and in addition, those famous French Clowns, Brian and Conley, will appear, for the first time, at the Palace.

The laughable shadows of last year caused so much merriment, that it has been determined to have A SHADOW PANTOMIME at dusk, on the great stage in the Centre Transept. The ludicrous effects must be seen to be appreciated.

Some amusing novelties in Juvenile recreations will be introduced, and new features in Illumination and Decoration will be exhibited. The Musical Entertainments will comprise Selections by the celebrated Orchestral Band of the Company, increased in number for the Holidays, and Performances on the Pianoforte and Great Festival Organ.

The doors of the Palace will be opened at Nine on Monday 24th, Tuesday 25th, and Wednesday 26th, and ample time will be allowed for Visitors promenading the Palace in the evening that the accommodation by Railway may not be overtaxed.

Admission as usual, One Shilling; Children under Twelve, Sixpence.

N.B.—On TUESDAY, CHRISTMAS DAY, ORCHESTRAL BAND and GREAT ORGAN PERFORMANCE instead of the FESTIVITIES.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GREAT CHRISTMAS TREE, in the Central Transept, is now furnished with every requirement for family Christmas Trees, and juvenile presents.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NOW OPEN, FANCY FAIR, the whole length of the Palace.—An immense collection of articles suitable for Christmas Presents.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN ARTICLES of all descriptions, suitable for Presents.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Largest Collection of every production in Europe may be selected from.

THEATRE ROYAL OLYMPIC.—Lessees, Messrs. F. ROBSON & W. S. EMDEN.—On WEDNESDAY, December 26th, and during the week, to commence with the new comedietta, from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Robinson, W. Gordon, H. Wigan, H. Cooper, and Miss Louisa Keeley, in which she will sing "Gather ye Rosebuds." After which (first time) a new Extravaganza, by John Orenford and Shirley Brooke, Esqrs., to be called TIMOUR, THE TARTAR. Characters by Messrs. F. Robinson, H. Wigan, G. Cooke, H. Cooper, and H. Rivers; Miss Louisa Keeley, Hughes, Evans, and Mrs. W. S. Emden. DEAREST MAMMA—Messrs. Addison, W. Gordon, and F. Robinson; Messdames Leigh Murray, Cottrell, and Marston. Doors open at Seven; commence at Half-past Seven.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA COVENT GARDEN.—Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, Sole Lessees. IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The Management find it necessary to announce to their Patrons, that it will be impossible for a few nights at Christmas to perform Balfe's eminently successful Opera with the grand Pantomime. The time in representation and scenic preparation for a Harlequinade of such magnitude, renders this temporary suspension of the brilliant Opera imperative. Boxes and places will continue to be booked daily at the Box-office, for its reproduction at an early date. BOXING NIGHT, December 26th, and during the Week, commence at 7. Order carriages by half-past 11. On WEDNESDAY, December 26th. Mr. W. Harrison's popular Operetta, the MARRIAGE OF GEORGETTA; Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. H. Corri; after which, with entirely new scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations, a grand Christmas Pantomime, BLUE BEARD; or, HARLEQUIN AND FREEDOM IN HER ISLAND HOME; written by J. V. Bridgman. Produced by Mr. Edward Stirling. Embracing the chief Pantomime talent of the day. A perfect galaxy of Clowns—Mr. Harry Bolen, Mr. Henry Payne, Mr. Hildyard, and the Lilliputians. Harlequins: Mr. Milano, Mr. F. Payne. Pantaloon: Mr. Barnes, Mr. Turner. Columbine: Mdme. Bolen, Miss Clara Morgan. Sprites: The Zelinski Family. Ballet: Twenty-six ladies; Mr. W. H. Payne, Mdme. Lamourent, Mdme. Pierron, and Mons. Vaudris. Gorgeous Scenery from the pencil of T. Grieve and Telbin, illustrating the moving events of the year. Decorations by Blamire on a scale of magnitude and expenditure without parallel. Fairy Costumes by Miss James and Mr. Coombes. Eastern Splendour, Processions, Marches, Dancing, Fun and Frolic, united to Magical Transformations, by Mr. Stoman, producing a combination of the grotesque and beautiful recalling the Golden Days of Pantomime for which Covent Garden stood alone and unapproached. Morning Performances every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, commencing SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, at Two o'clock. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon; Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling; Acting Manager, Mr. Edward Manning.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—On Boxing-Night, December 26, and during the Week to commence at Seven with SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, in which Miss Fanny Stirling will make her first appearance here in the character of Miss Hardcastle; Tony Lumpkin, Mr. Buckstone. After which a new Entomological Christmas Pantomime, entitled QUEEN LADY-BIRD AND HER CHILDREN, or Harlequin and a House on Fire, with magnificent Scenery and novel effects of fire and water never before attempted. The Pantomimists, the unrivalled Leclercqs with Pantaloon Herr Cole, and Columbine Miss Fanny Wright. Mrs. Stirling is engaged at this Theatre; due notice will be given of her first appearance.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—Sole Proprietor and Manager Mr. B. WEBSTER.—On MONDAY, Christmas Eve—Holiday Night—91st representation of the great sensation Drama, THE COLLEEN BAWN. Miss AGNES ROBERTSON and Mr. DION BOUCAULT every evening.—On MONDAY, December 24, AN UGLY CUSTOMER.—Mr. J. L. Toole and Miss E. Thorne. THE COLLEEN BAWN—Miss Agnes Robertson, Miss Woolgar, Mrs. Billington, and Mrs. Chatterley; Messrs. D. Fisher, Billington, Falconer, Stephenson, C. J. Smith, and Mr. Dion Boucault. And THAT BLESSED BABY—Mr. J. L. Toole, Billington, Miss K. Kelly, and Mrs. Chatterley. Commence at Seven. Acting-Manager, Mr. W. Smith.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.—Sole Proprietor and Manager Mr. B. WEBSTER.—Mr. and Mrs. BOUCAULT every evening.—MONDAY, Christmas Eve—Holiday Night. By desire THE COLLEEN BAWN. On WEDNESDAY, December 26th, (Boxing Night) and during the Week, AN UGLY CUSTOMER—Messrs. J. L. Toole, C. Selby, Miss K. Kelly and E. Thorne. THE COLLEEN BAWN. To conclude with a new Burlesque Extravaganza, by H. J. Byron, Esq., entitled BLUE BEARD FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW—Messrs. J. L. Toole, P. Bedford, C. J. Smith, Miss Woolgar, K. Kelly, and E. Thorne. Commence at Seven. Acting Manager, Mr. W. Smith.

THEATRE ROYAL LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Directress, Madame CELESTE.—Re-engagement for the Christmas Holidays, of the Inimitable Irish Comedian, Mr. JOHN DREW, who will appear every evening in two of his most favourite characters.—WEDNESDAY (Boxing-Night), 26th December, 1860, and every evening during the week, the Performance will commence with Lord Glengall's Farce of the IRISH TUTOR—Dr. O'Toole (first time here), Mr. John Drew. After which will be produced, under the immediate direction of Madame Celeste, the Lyceum Christmas Comic Extravaganza, with entirely New and Characteristic Scenery, inclusive of a GRAND TRANSFORMATION CLIMAX of singular beauty and marvellous mechanical effects, Invented and Painted by Mr. William Callcott; Magnificent Costumes and Appointments, Costly Decorations, Picturesque Ballet, Novel Musical Arrangements and Compositions, &c., to be entitled CHRYSTABELLE; OR THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN—Principal Characters by Mr. John Rouse, Mr. Forrester, Mr. J. Morris, Mr. Clifford, Miss Lydia Thompson, Miss Neville, Miss M. Ternan, Miss Hudspeth, Miss Marie Colinson, Miss Annie Colinson, Miss Turner, Miss Stuart, and Miss Clara Denvil. To conclude with the New Drama, in Two Acts, entitled HANDY ANDY—Handy Andy (his original character), Mr. John Drew.

NOVELTIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION (Limited). Entirely new and Splendid Phantasmagoria, prepared expressly for this Institution by Mr. CHILDE. Lecture by Mr. E. V. GARNER, illustrated by the most Brilliant Experiments in Electricity ever shown. Musical Entertainment, by Mr. CHAS. FIELD, Miss ROSA WARNER, and others—Duets, Glee, &c. An amusing Lecture on the Properties of Matter, by Mr. MACINTOSH. The Oxyhydrogen Microscope. The largest Geological Model in the World, described by Mr. KING. A Unique Collection of Paintings. Dissolving Views. Italy and Sicily. The Splendid Illuminated Cascade, &c.—Admission, 1s. Schools, and Children under Ten Years of Age, Half-price.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED WITH MR. JOHN PARRY will RE-APPEAR in their POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT on WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, DECEMBER 26th, and Every Evening (except Saturday), at Eight. THURSDAY and SATURDAY Afternoons, at Three, at the ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, REGENT-STREET. Admission 1s., and 2s.; Stalls, 3s.; Stall Chairs, 5s. Secured in advance at the Gallery from 11 to 5, and at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, & Co., 201, Regent-street.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Miss EMMA STANLEY, having returned from her tour through America, California, Sandwich Islands, Australia, and India, has RE-COMMENCED her LYRIC ENTERTAINMENT, entitled, THE SEVEN AGES of WOMAN, every evening, at eight (except Saturday); on Saturdays at three afternoon.—Stalls, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; which can be taken daily at the Hall from eleven to three.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

BUCKLEYS' SERENADERS.—St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.—Crowded houses every performance. EVENING at Eight. SATURDAY AFTERNOON at Three. Tickets may be secured at Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly, from 10 till 5. Stalls, 3s. Area, 2s. Gallery, 1s. No Bonnets are allowed in the Stalls. Books of the Words, 6d. each. Change of Programme.

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The Tables of Rates here given are of necessity very limited, but every information will be readily afforded on application.

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The Governors earnestly solicit ASSISTANCE for this Hospital, which is chiefly dependent upon Voluntary Contributions and Legacies. It provides accommodation for upwards of 100 in-patients constantly, and prompt aid to nearly 3,000 cases of accidents and dangerous emergency annually, besides relief to an unlimited number of sick and disabled poor daily.

Subscriptions are thankfully received by the Secretary at the Hospital, and by Messrs. COUTTS, Messrs. DRUMMOND, and Messrs. HOARE; and through all the principal Bankers.

JOHN ROBERTSON, Hon. Sec.

NOTICE.

HOSPITAL for DISEASES of the SKIN.

On and after MONDAY, DECEMBER 31st, Out-Patients who do not take Subscribing Tickets will be required to procure a Letter of Recommendation from a Governor of the Hospital.

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By Order of the Committee,

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Although it may not be necessary to explain, generally, the arrangements in progress for conducting the ART-JOURNAL during the year 1861, we are free to announce the following as some of the subjects that will be contained in the January (or early) Number:—

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